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LES AIRS
DE LA
TRAGEDIE
DU TRIOMPHE
DE L'AMOUR

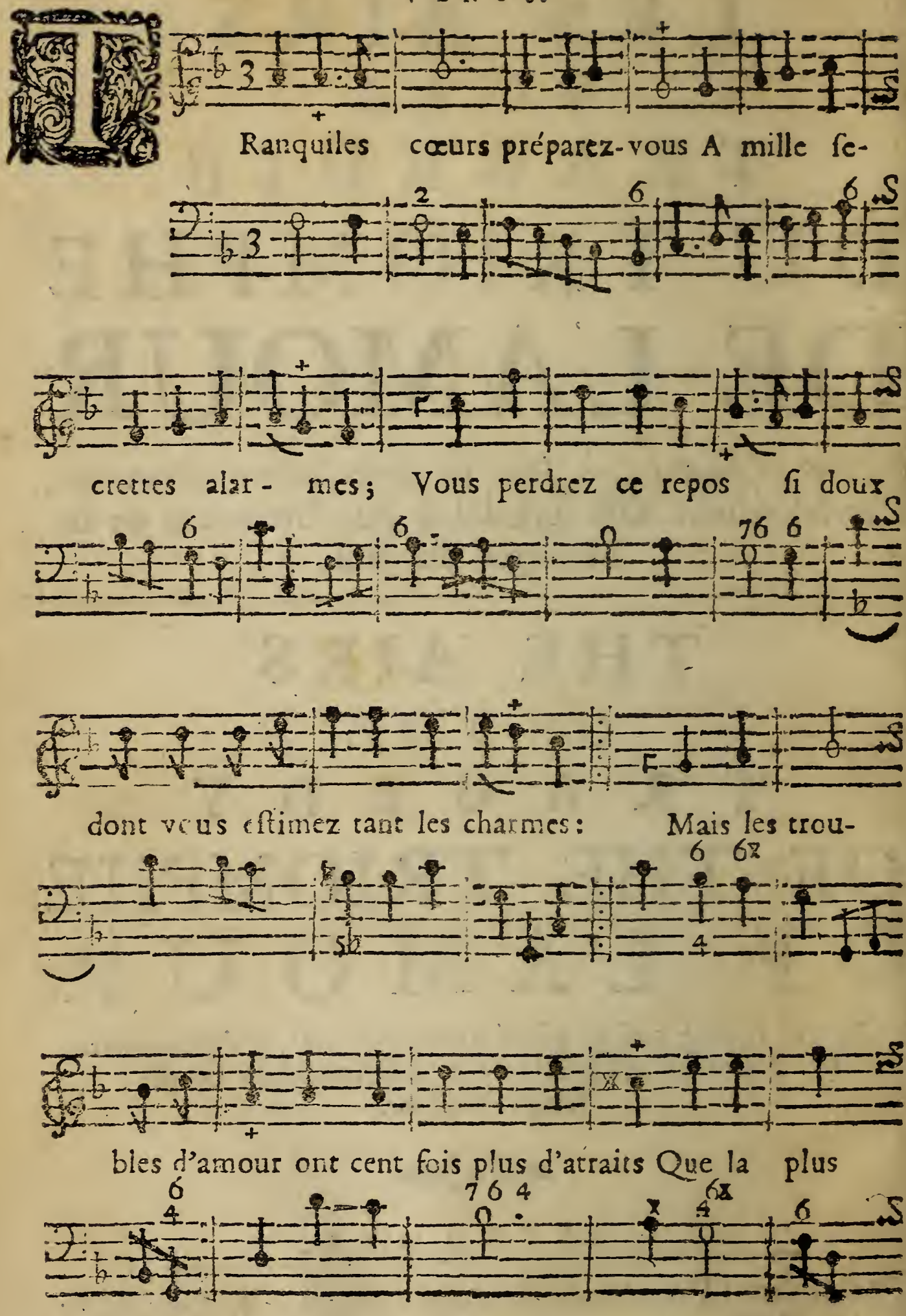
Propres à Chanter & à Jouër sur toutes sortes d'instruments,
Par Monsieur DE LULLI Sur-Intendant de la Musique du Roi.

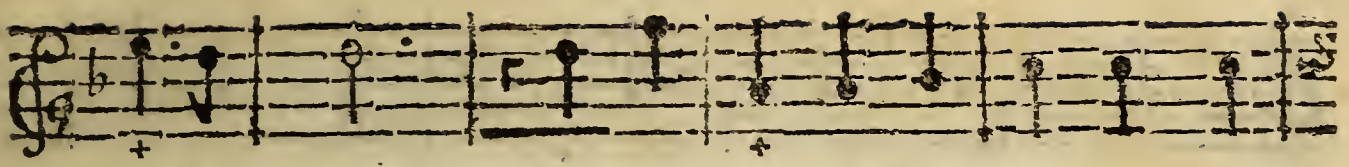
THE AIRS
OF THE
TRAGEDY
OF THE TRIOMPHE
OF L'AMOUR

Fit for to sing and to playd uppon all sorts of Instruments.
By Monsieur DE LULLI Sur-Intendant of the Kings Musicke.

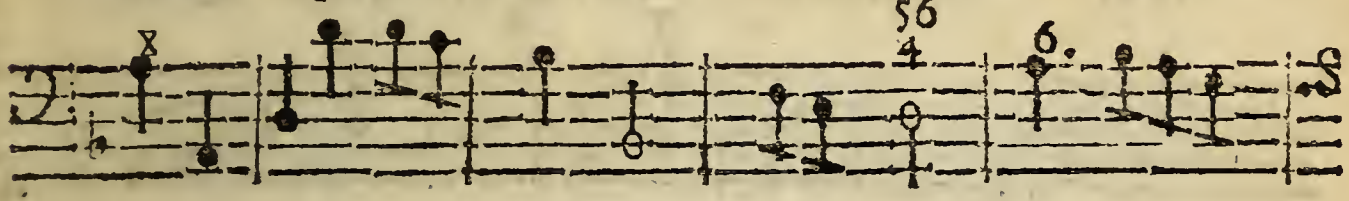
AMSTERDAM.

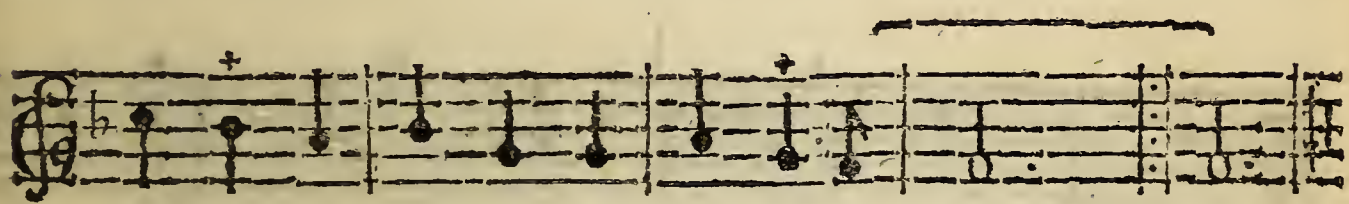
By Anthoni Pointel, *in de Kalver-straat in de Roozeboom, is alderley gelineert Papier en Musyc te koop.* 1688


Ranquiles cœurs préparez-vous A mille ſe-
crettes alar- mes; Vous perdrez ce repos ſi doux
dont vous eſtimez tant les charmes: Mais les trou-
bles d'amour ont cent fois plus d'atraits Que la plus

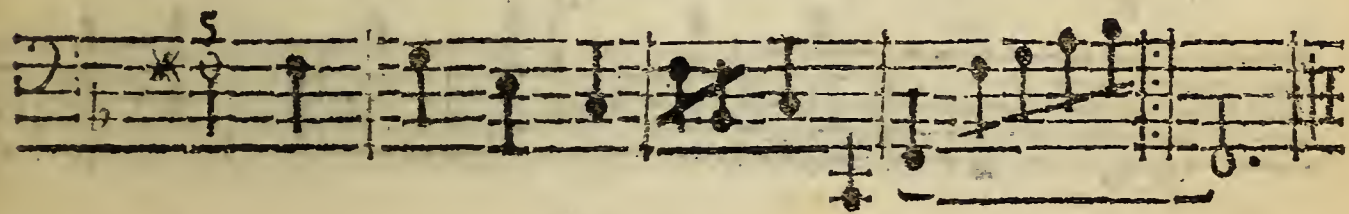


douce paix. Mais les troubles d'amour ont cent

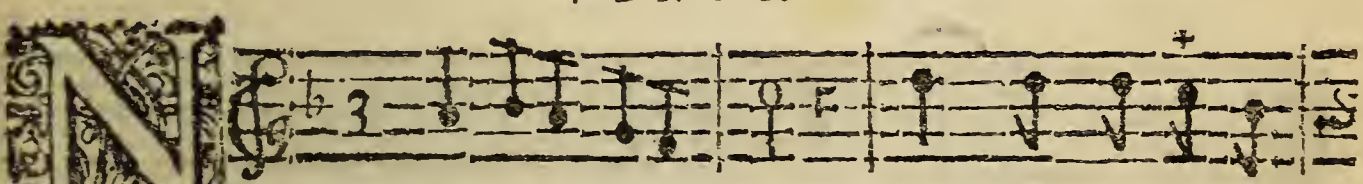




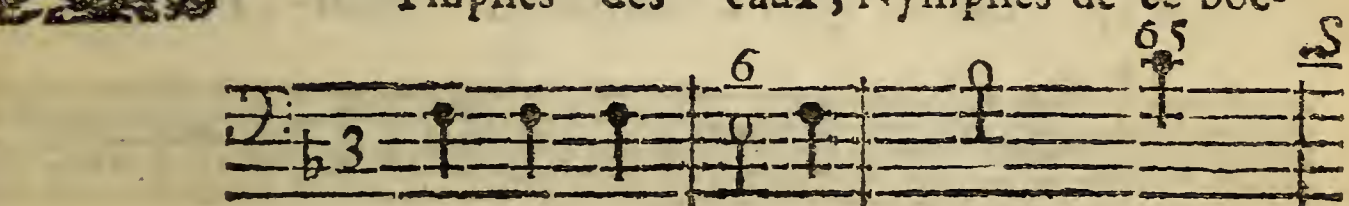
fois plus d'attrits Que la plus douce paix. paix.

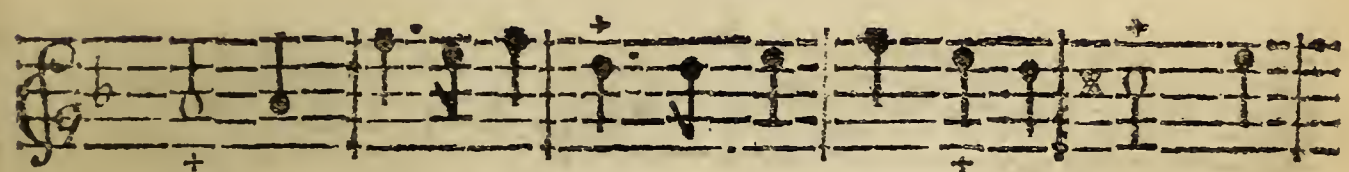


VENUS.

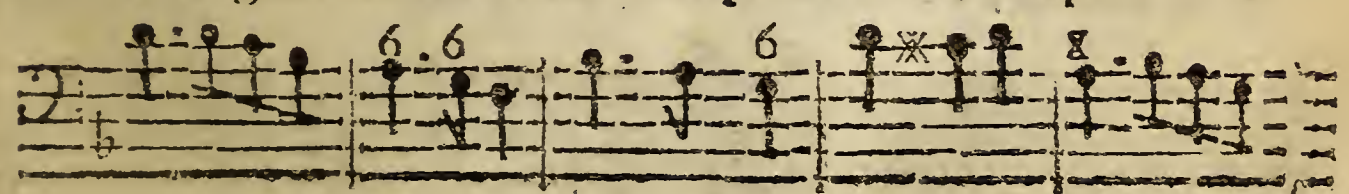


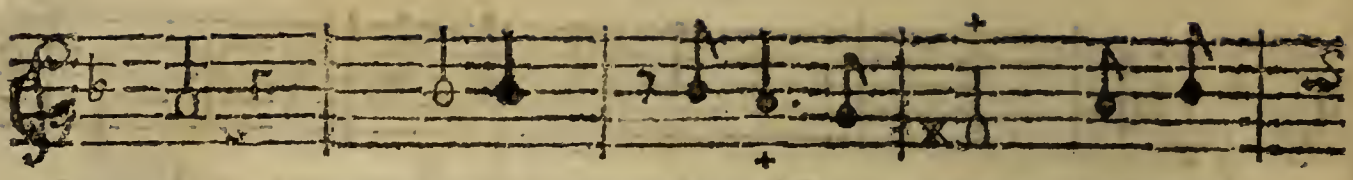
Ymphes des eaux, Nymphes de ce boc-



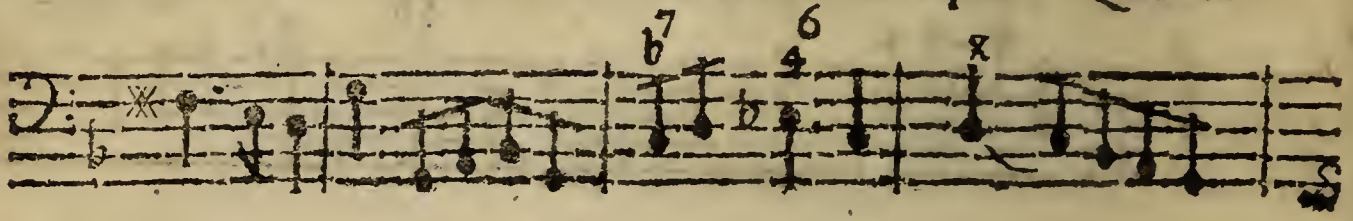


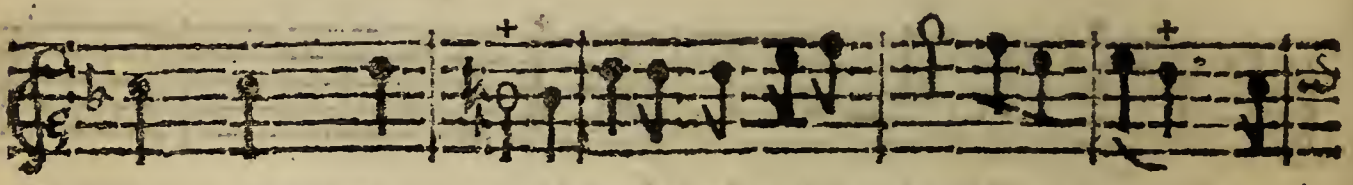
cage, Faites briller vos plus charmans apas: Plai-



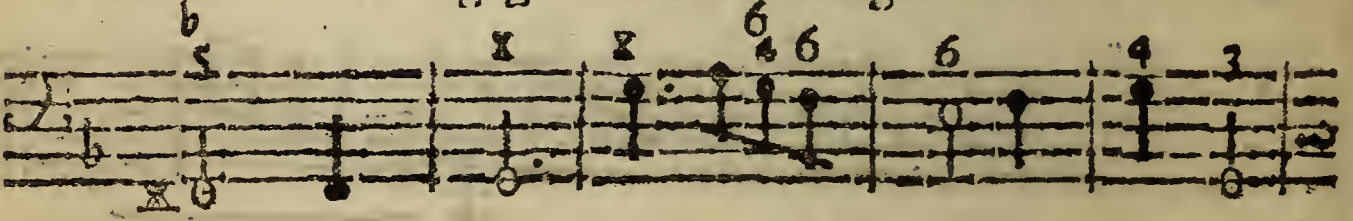


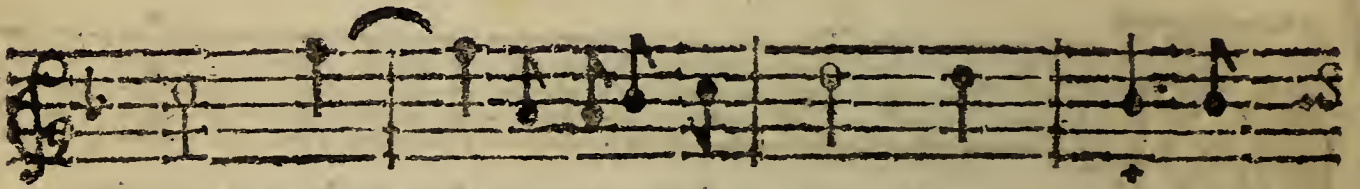
sirs, Graces. ſuivez mes pas: Qu'avec



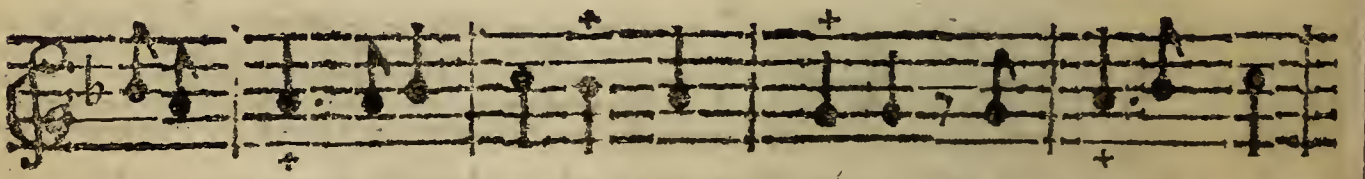


nous tout s'en- gage A célébrer la gloire de mon

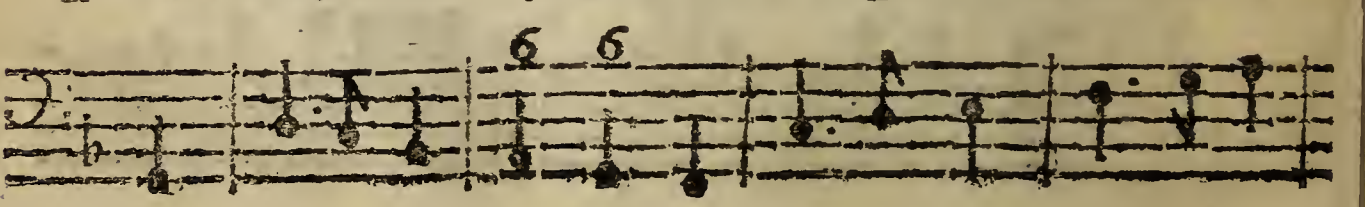


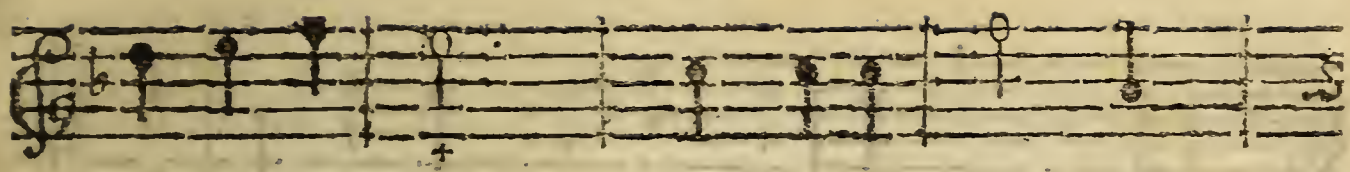


fils; Dieux, qu'il a ſurmonté, mor- tels qu'il

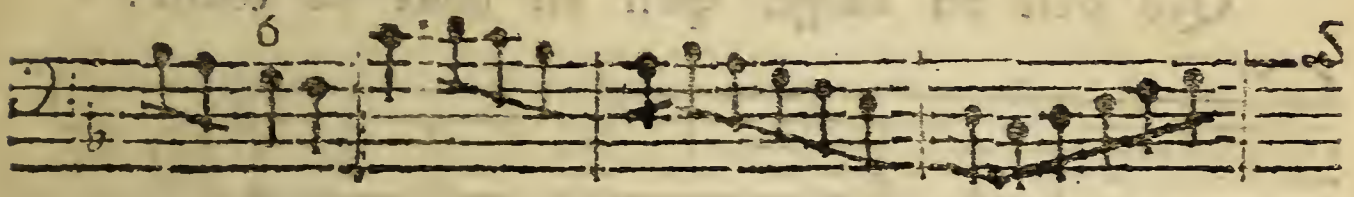


a ſoumis, Venez luy rendre hommage. L'Amour, le vain-

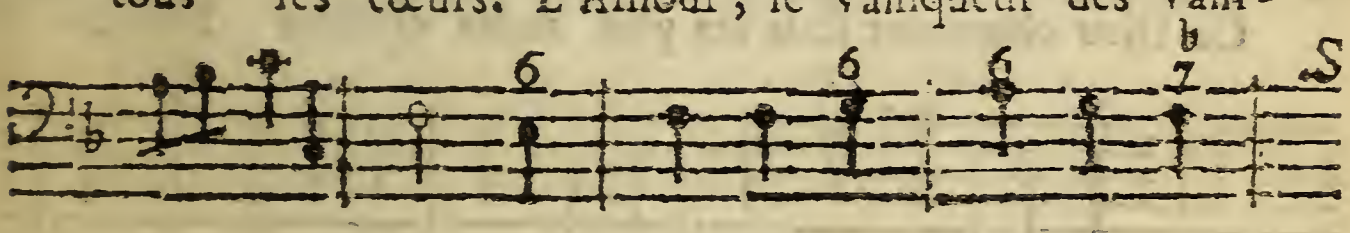




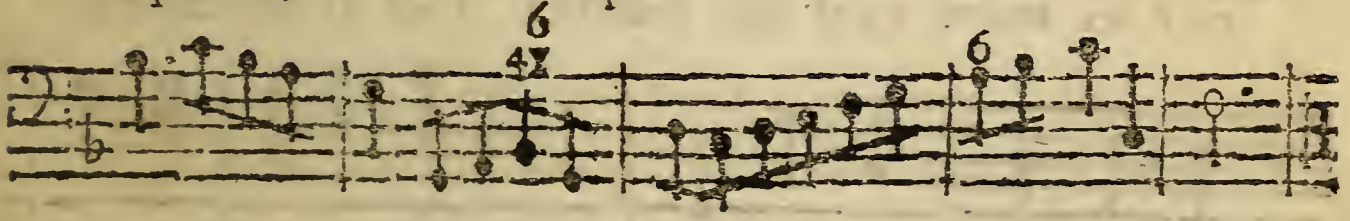
queur des vainqueurs, Va triompher de



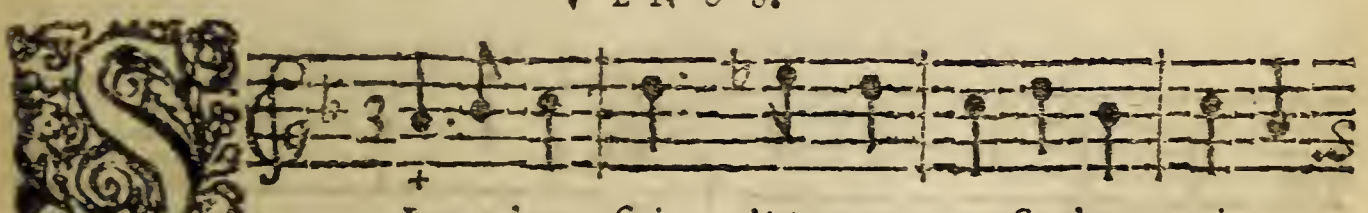
tous les cœurs. L'Amour, le vainqueur des vain-



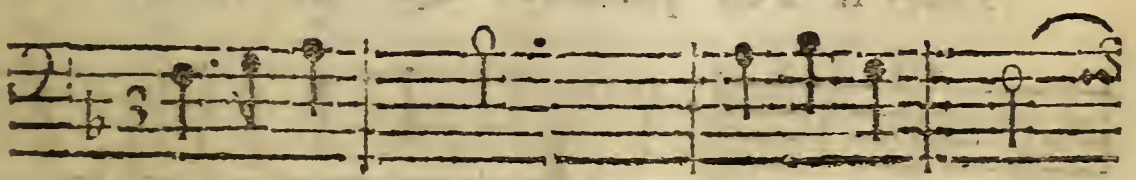
queurs, Va triompher de tous les cœurs.

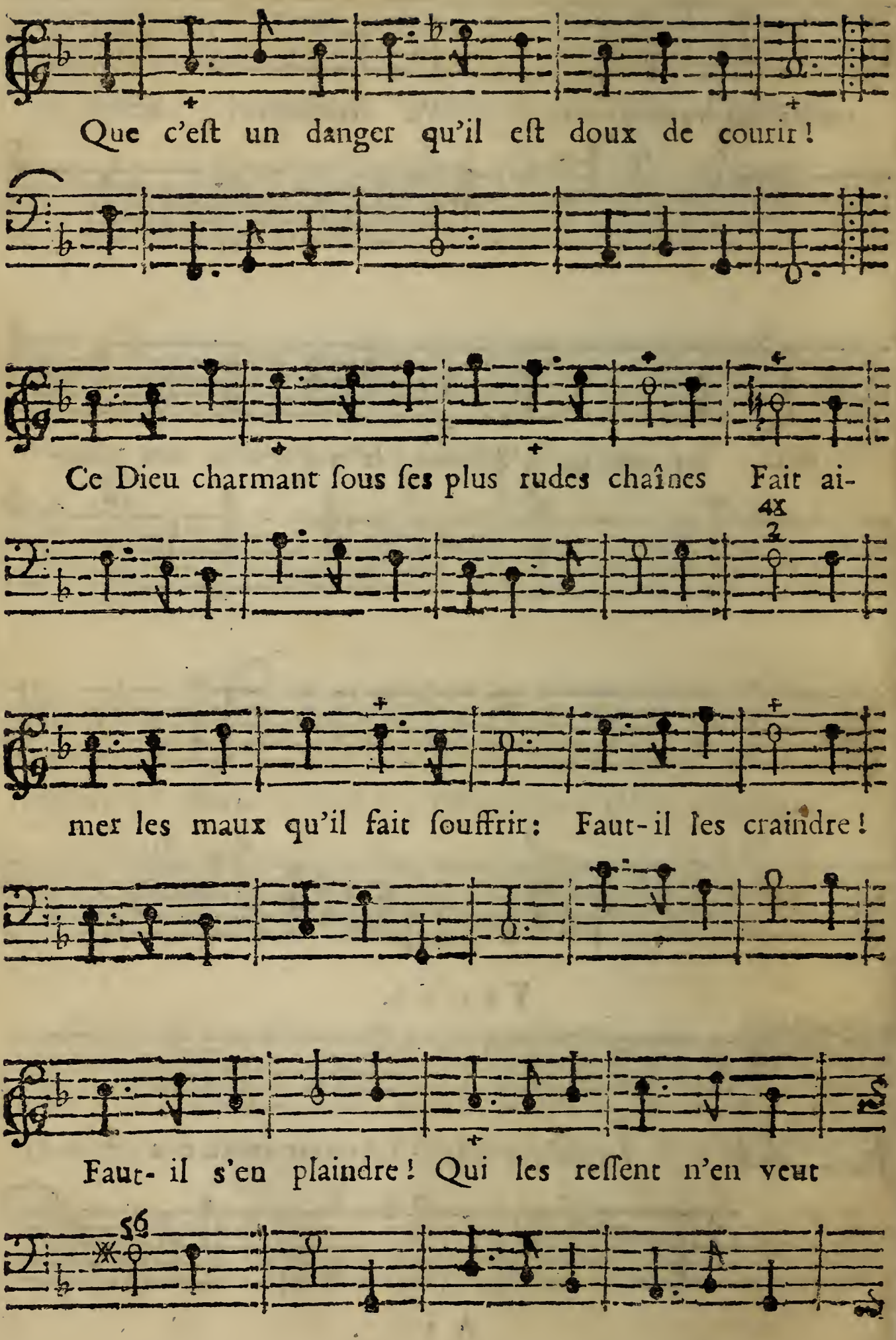


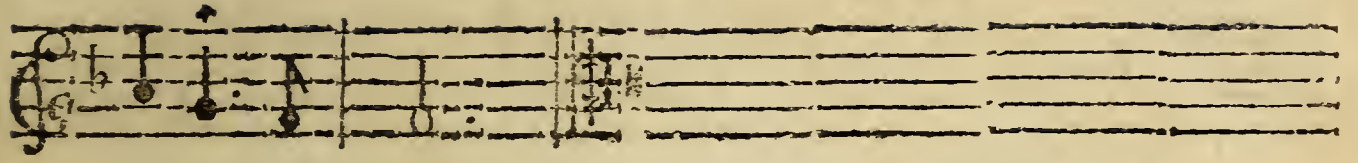
VENUS.



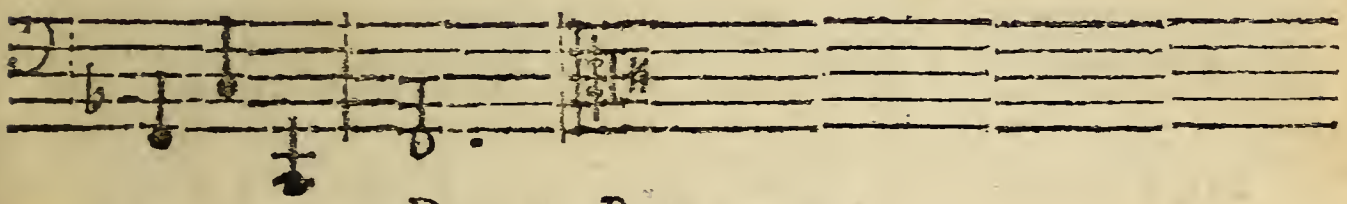
I quelque fois l'Amour cauſe des peines,



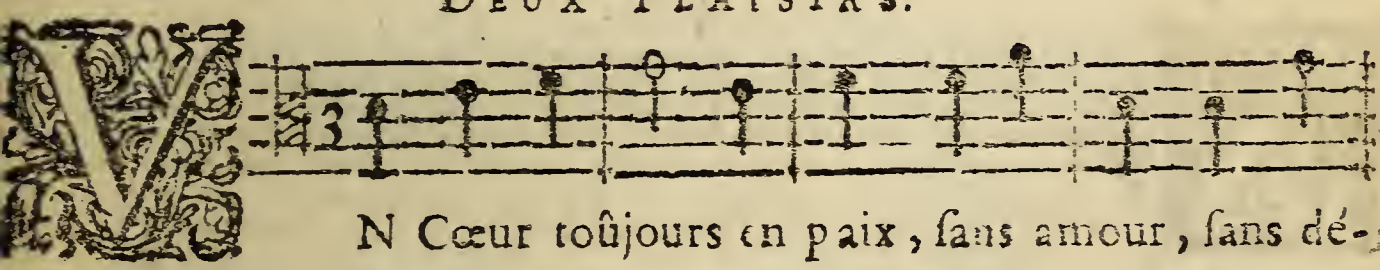

Que c'eſt un danger qu'il eſt doux de courir!
Ce Dieu charmant ſous ſes plus rudes chaînes Fait ai-
mer les maux qu'il fait ſouffrir: Faut-il les craindre!
Faut- il s'en plaindre! Qui les reſſent n'en veut



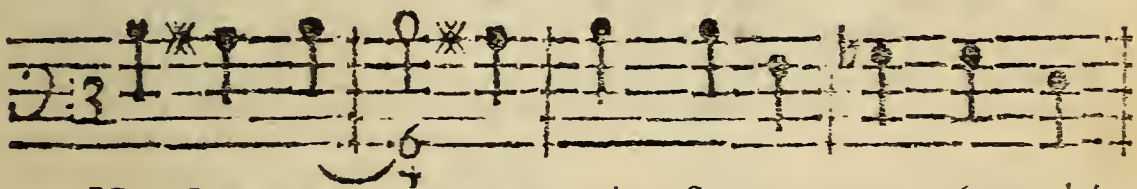
jamais guerir.



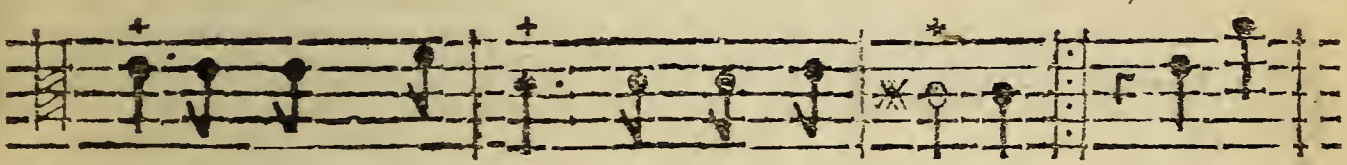
Deux Plaisirs.



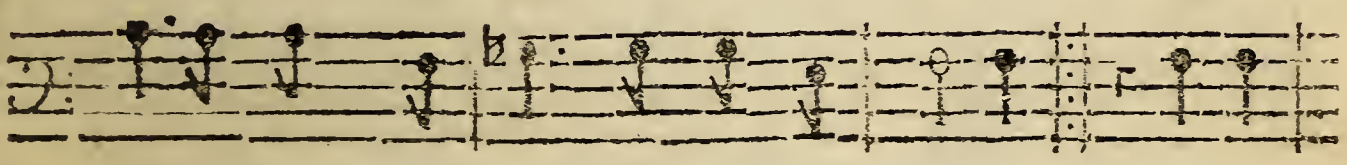
N Cœur toûjours en paix, ſans amour, ſans dé-



Un Cœur toûjours en paix, ſans amour, ſans dé-



ſirs Eſt moins heureux que lon ne penſe: Les plai-



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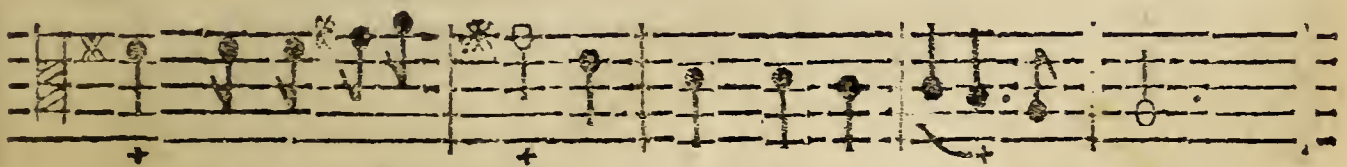
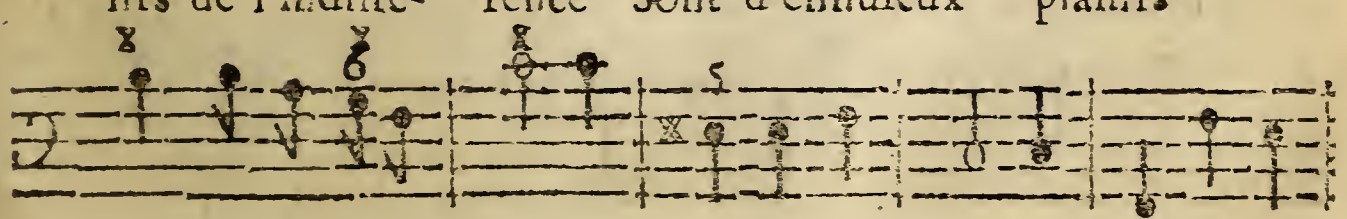
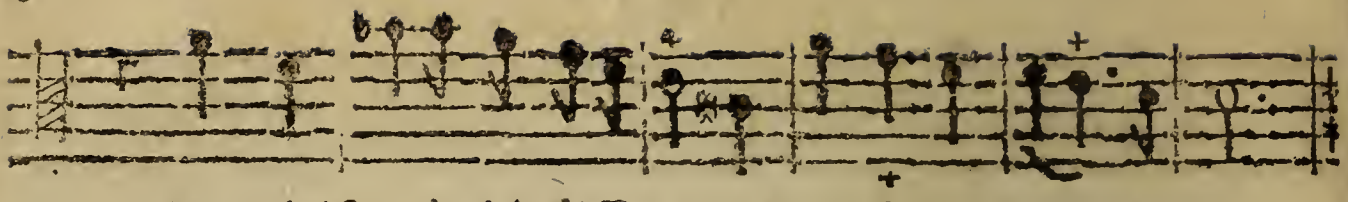


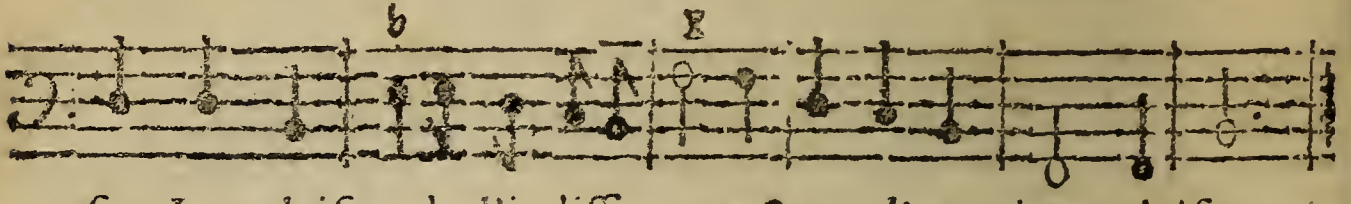
ſirs de l'indiffe- rence Sont d'ennuieux plaiſirs



ſirs de l'indiffe- rence Sont d'ennuieux plaiſirs. les p'ai-

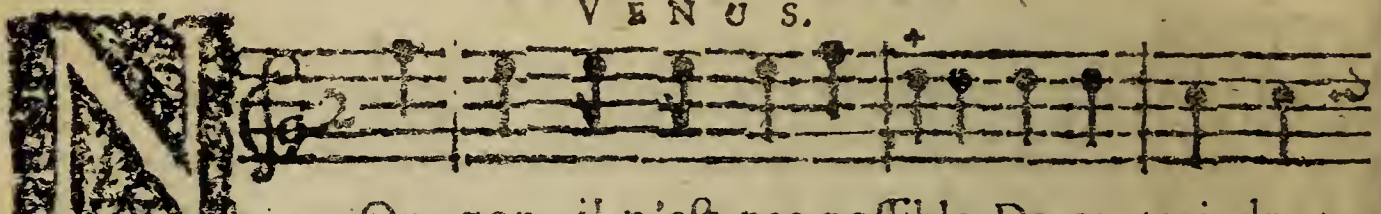


Les plaiſirs de l'indifference Sont d'ennuieux plaiſirs.

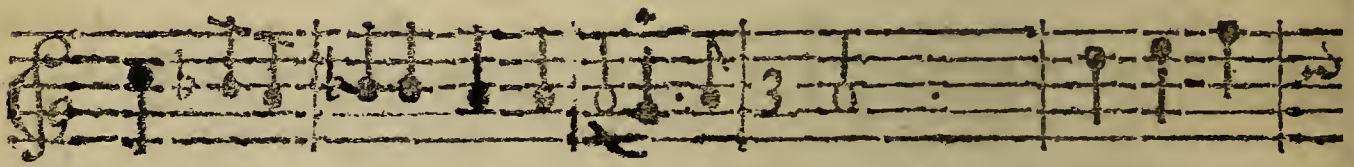


ſirs Les plaiſirs de l'indifference Sont d'ennuieux plaiſirs.

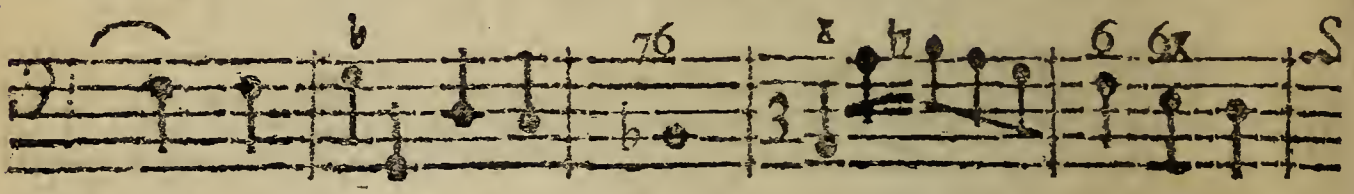
VENUS.



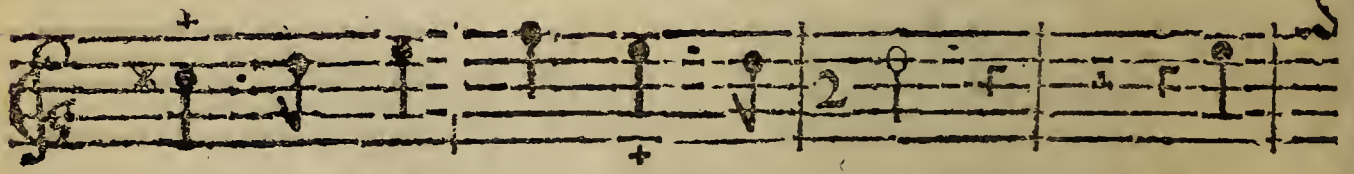
On, non, il n'eſt pas poſſible De contraindre un



cœur ſen- ſible A n'aymer jamais: C'eſt pour l'A-

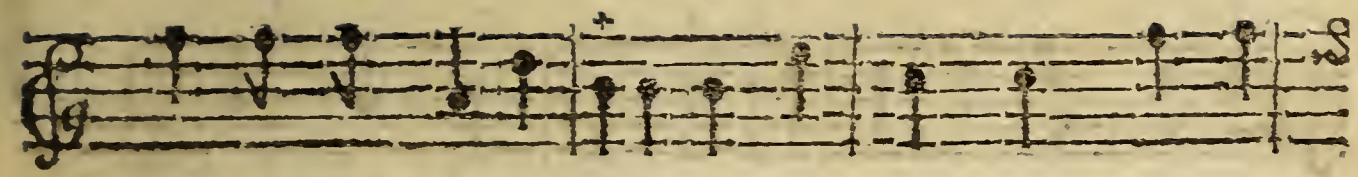


A 3.

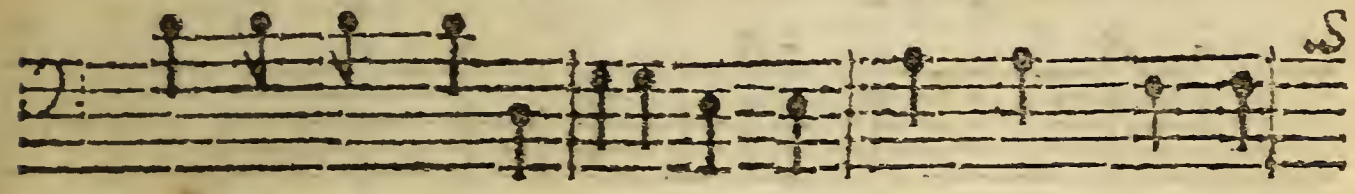


mour que tous les cœurs ſont faits. Non,

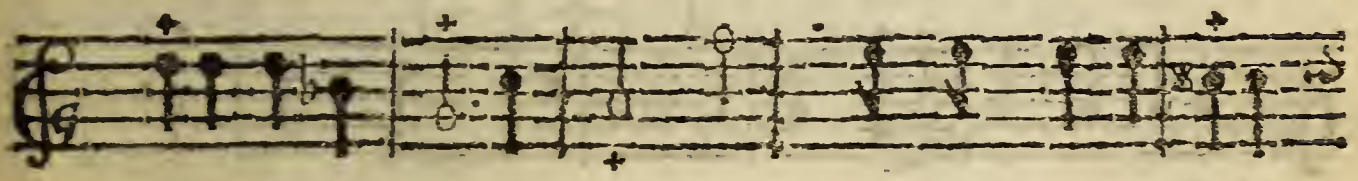
non, non, non,



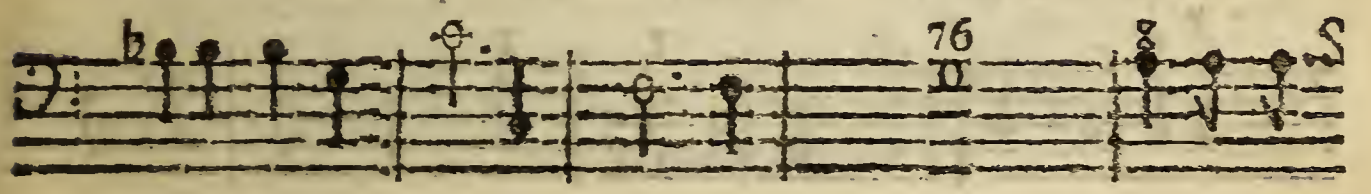
non. il n'eſt pas poſſible De contraindre un cœur ſen-



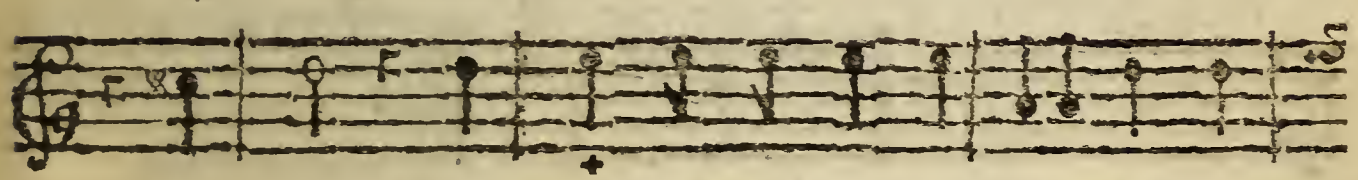
non, il n'eſt pas poſſible de contraindre un cœur ſen-



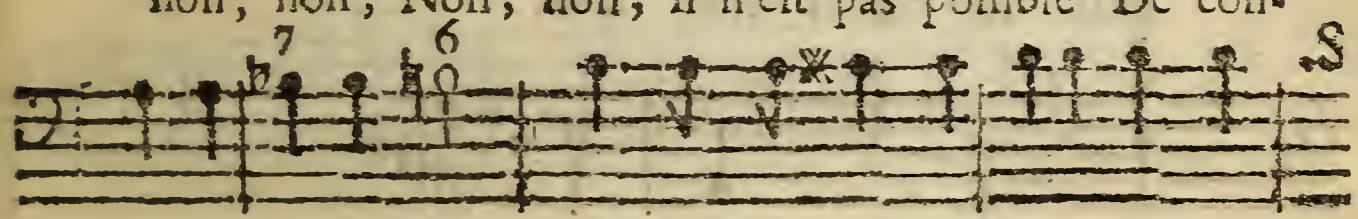
ſible A n'aimer jamais: non, il n'eſt pas poſſible,



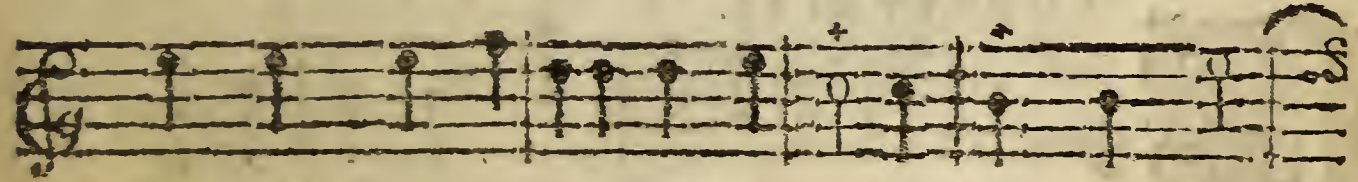
ſible A n'aimer jamais: Non, non, il n'eſt pas



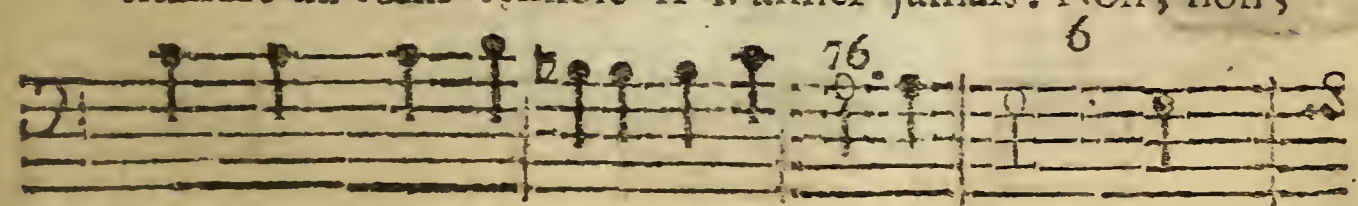
non, non, Non, non, il n'eſt pas poſſible De con-



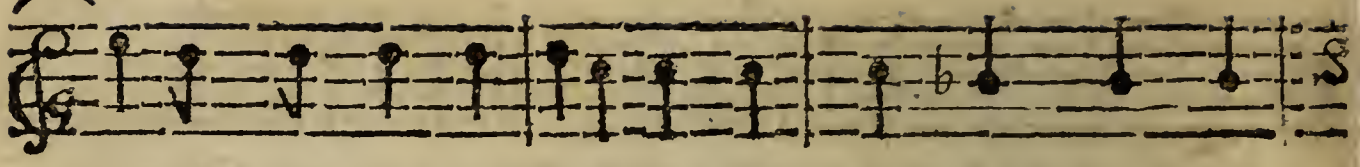
poſſible Non, non, il n'eſt pas poſſible De con-



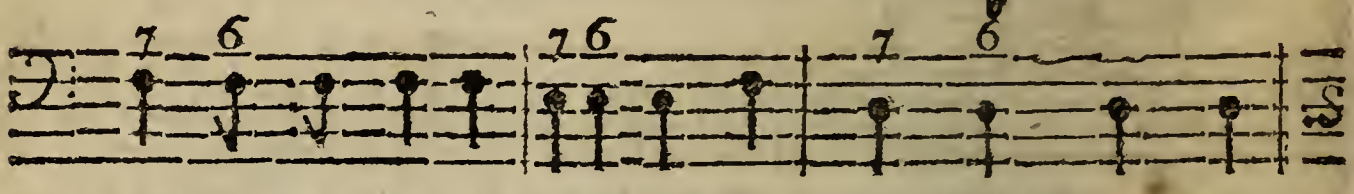
traindre un cœur ſenſible A n'aimer jamais: Non, non,



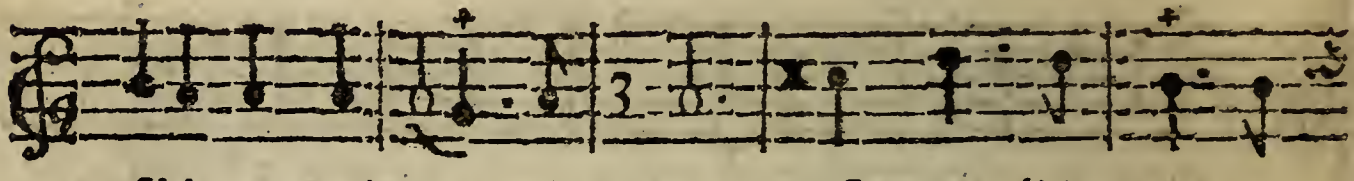
traindre un cœur ſenſible A n'aimer jamais Non,



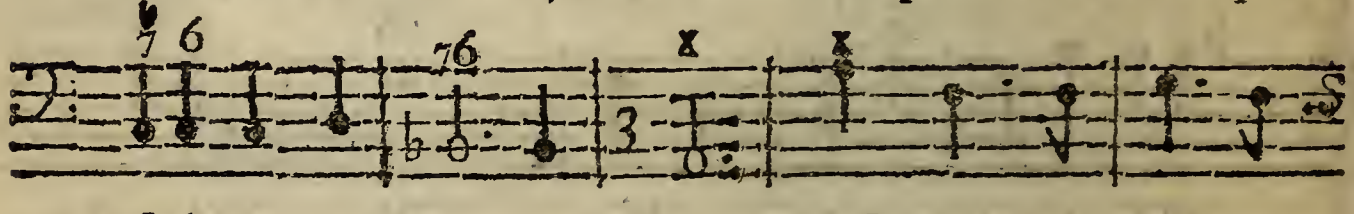
il n'eſt pas poſſible De contraindre un cœur ſen-



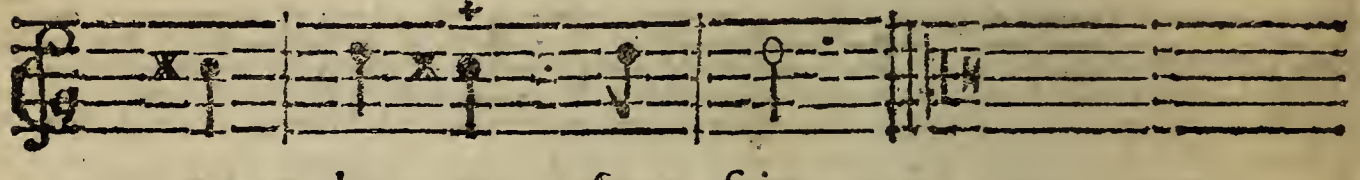
non il n'eſt pas poſſible De contraindre un cœur ſen-



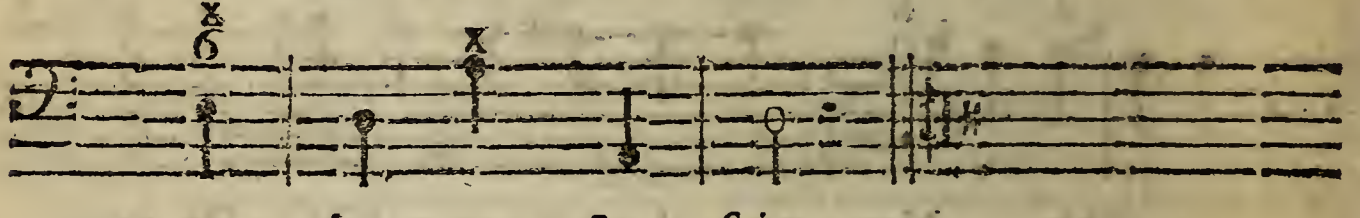
ſible A n'aimer jamais: C'eſt pour l'Amour que



ſible A n'aimer jamais: C'eſt pour l'Amour que

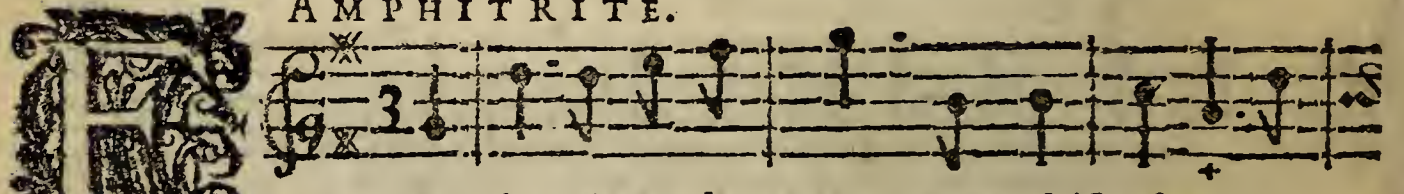


tous les cœurs ſont faits.

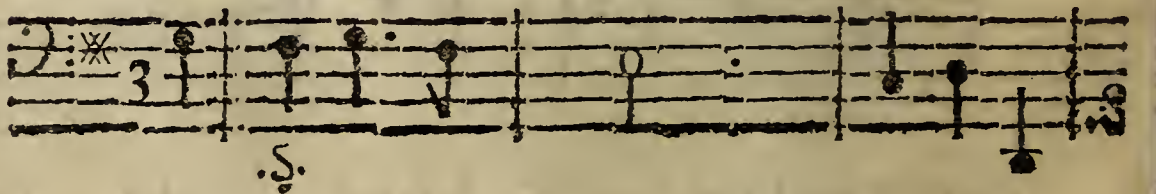


tous les cœurs ſont faits.

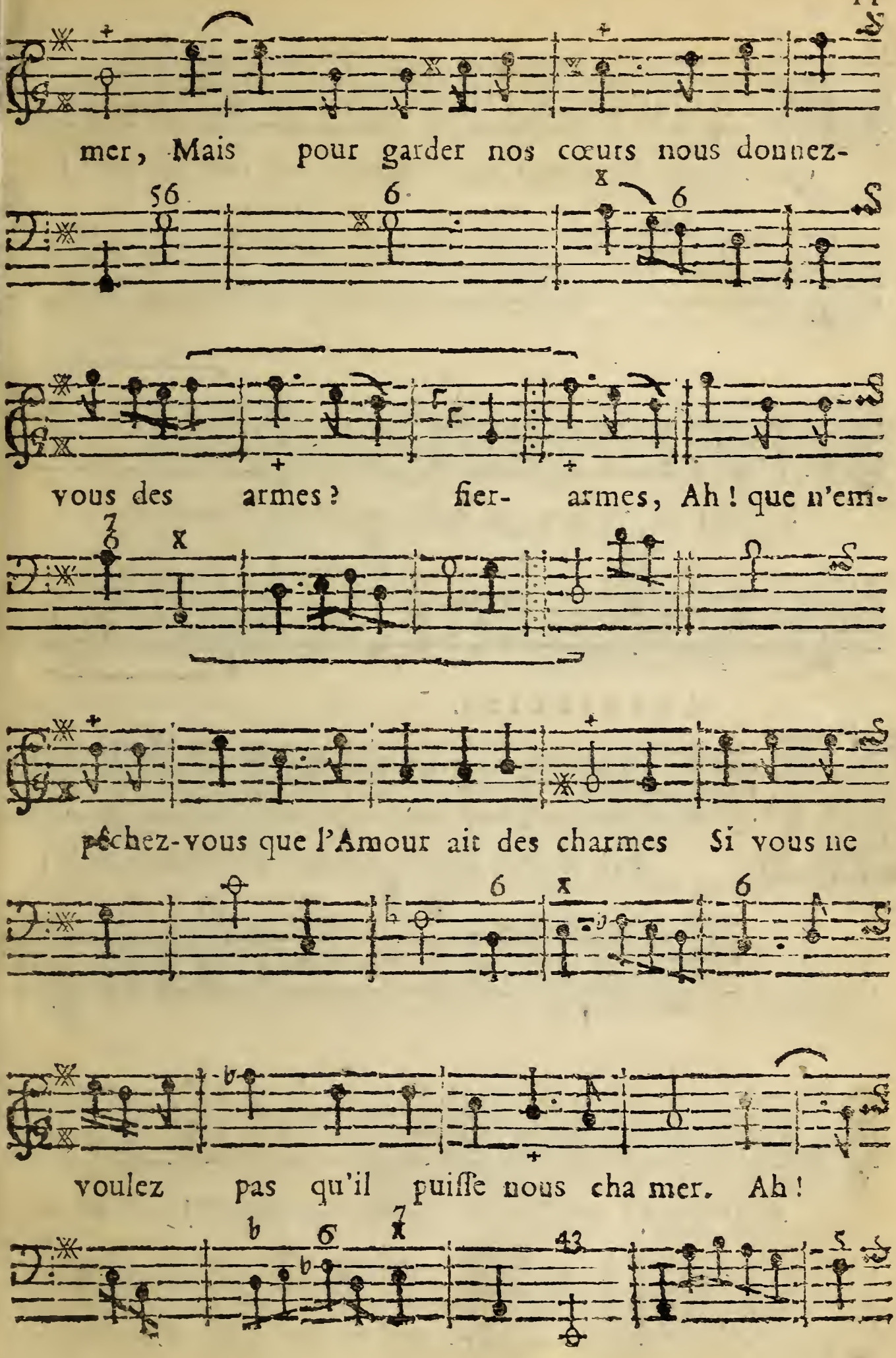
AMPHITRITE.

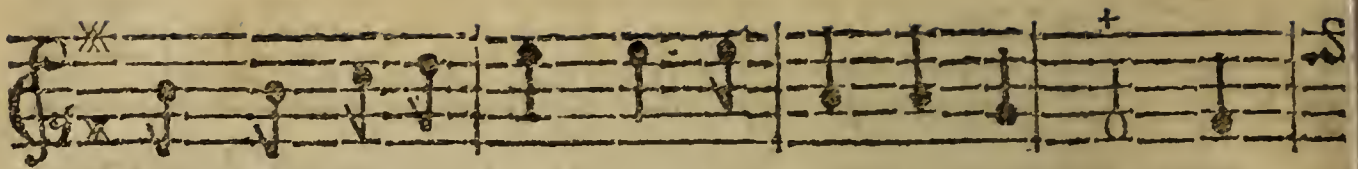


Fierté, ſévére honneur, vous défendez d'ai

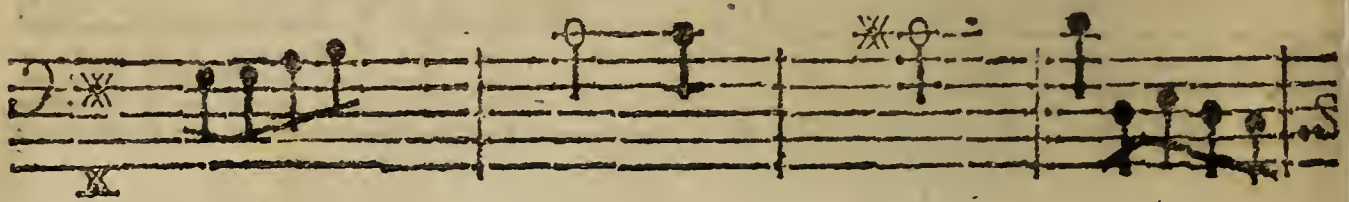


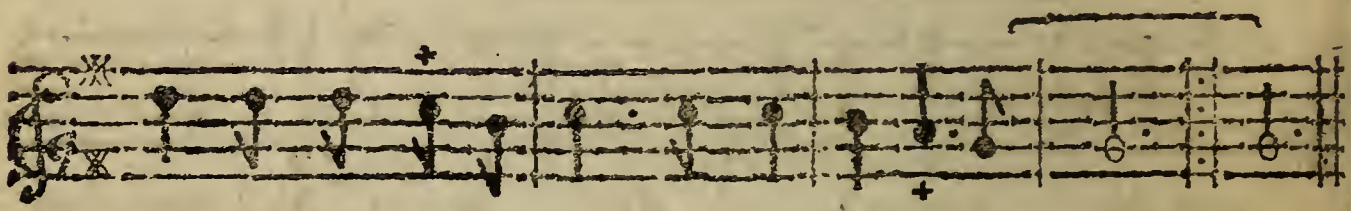
S.


mer, Mais pour garder nos cœurs nous donnez-
vous des armes? fier- armes, Ah! que n'em-
pêchez-vous que l'Amour ait des charmes Si vous ne
voulez pas qu'il puisse nous cha mer. Ah!

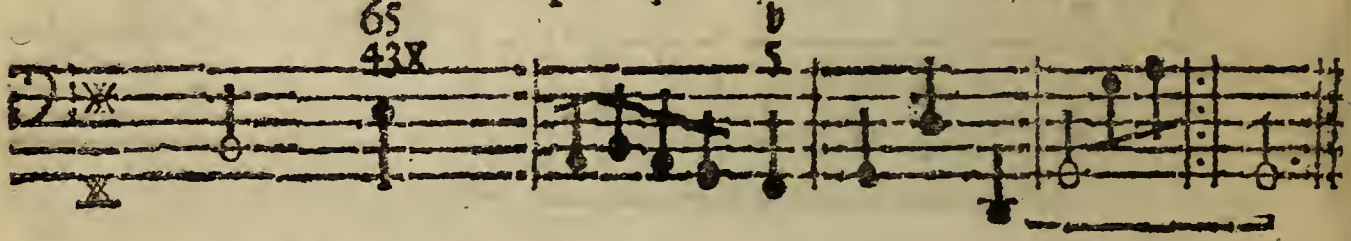


que n'empêchez-vous que l'Amour ait des charmes?

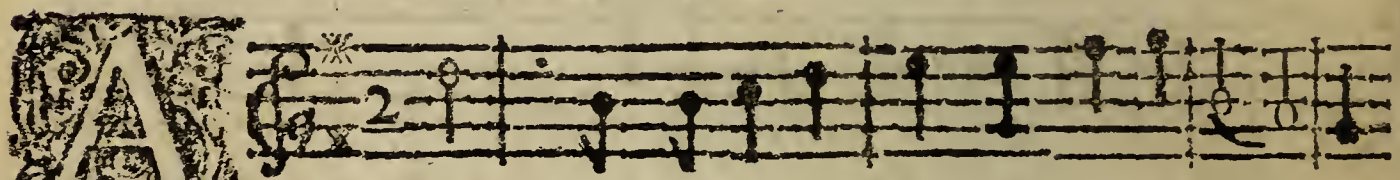




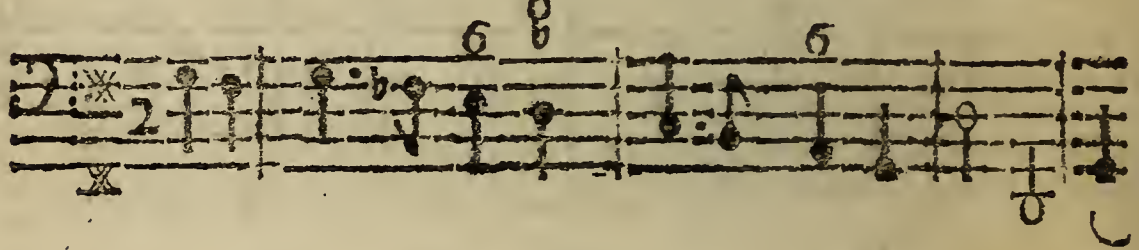
Si vous ne voulez pas qu'il puiſſe nous charmer.

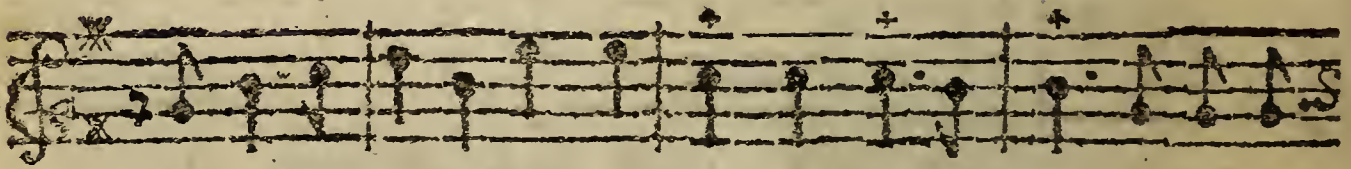


AMPHITRITE.

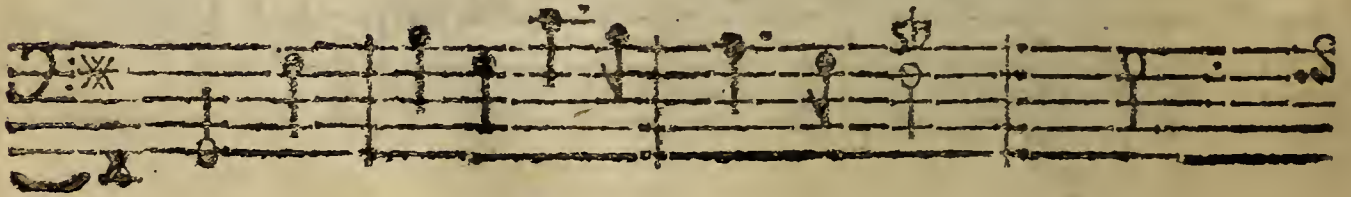


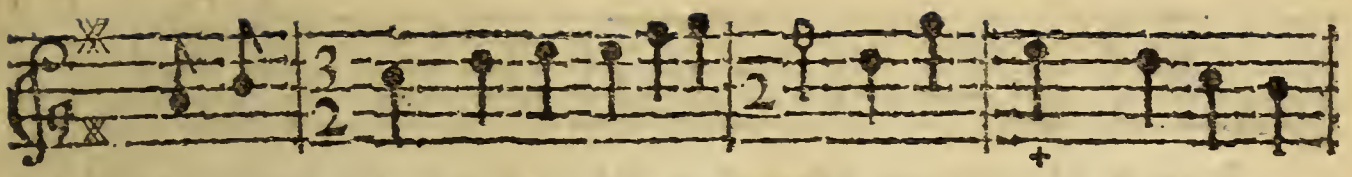
HI qv'un fidéle Amant eſt redou-table;



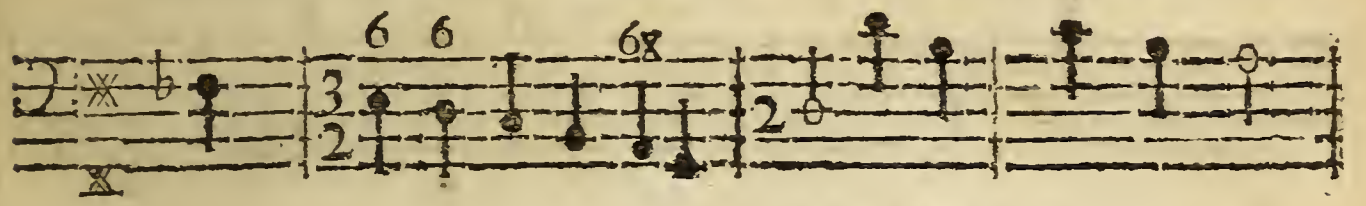


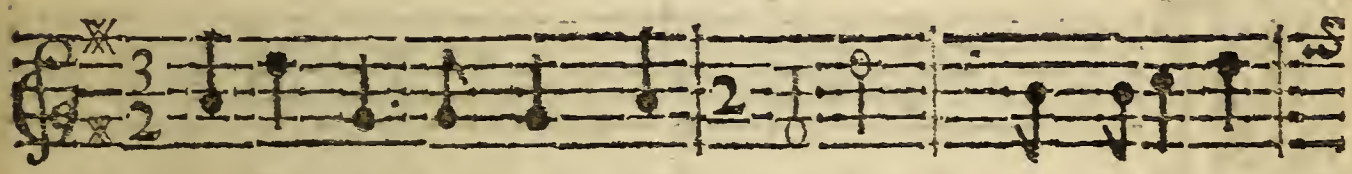
J'avois juré de fuïr un tendre engagement, Je ne le



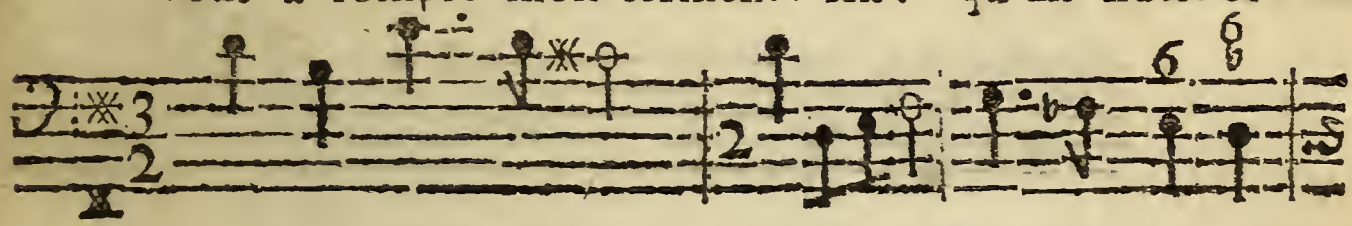


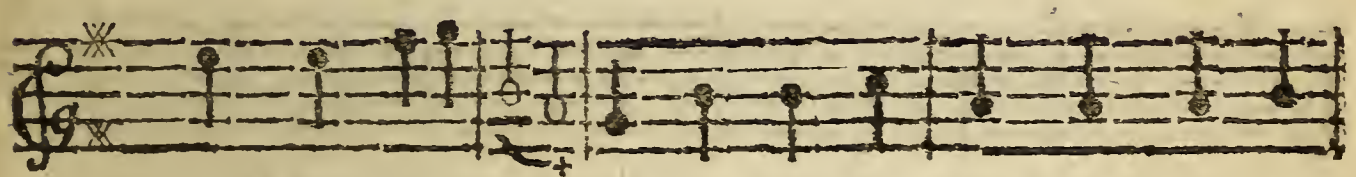
croiois pas un mal inévi- table: Pourquoy m'obligez-



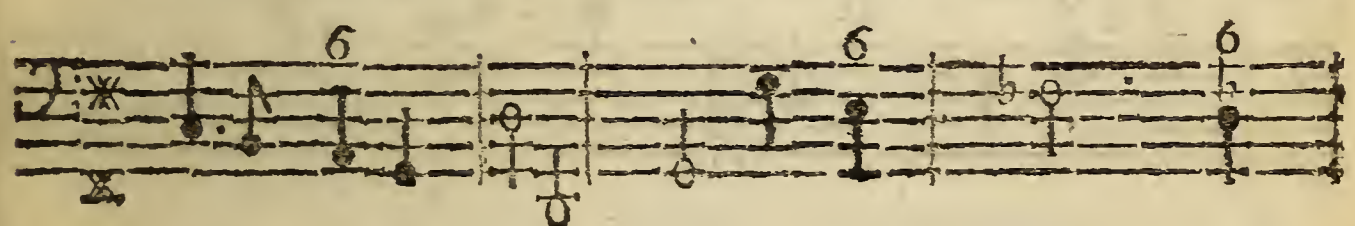


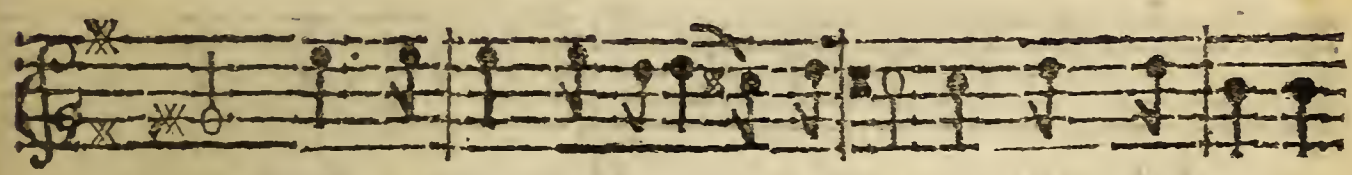
vous à rompre mon ſerment? Ah! qu'un fidéle A-



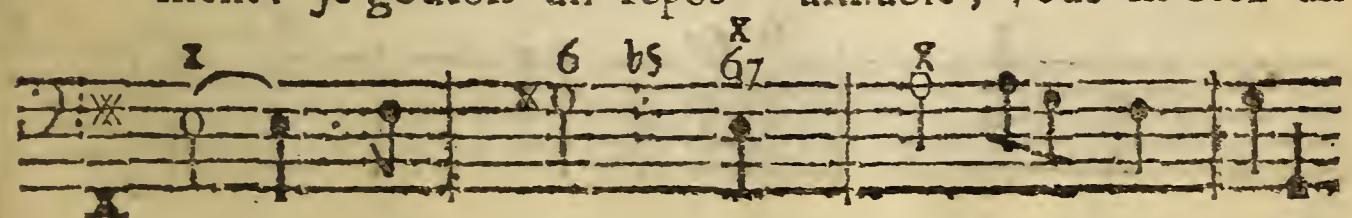


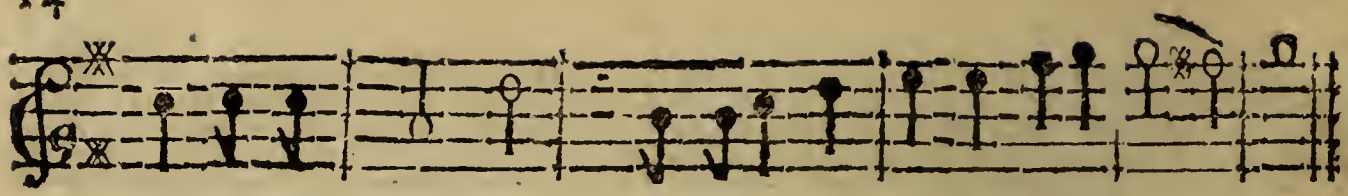
mant Eſt redou- table! Que n'aimiez-vous moins conſtan-



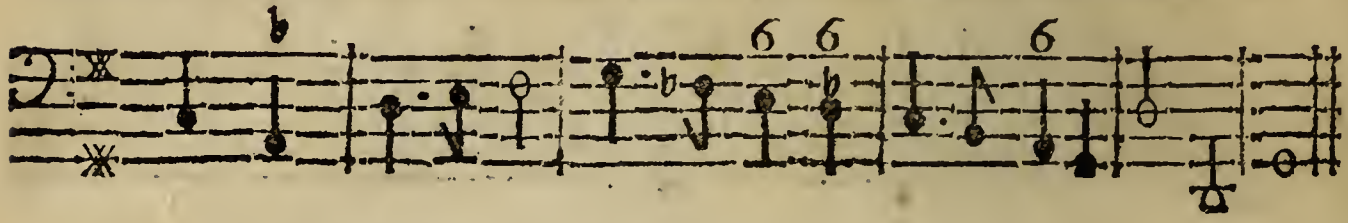


ment? Je goûtois un repos aimable, Vous m'ôtez un

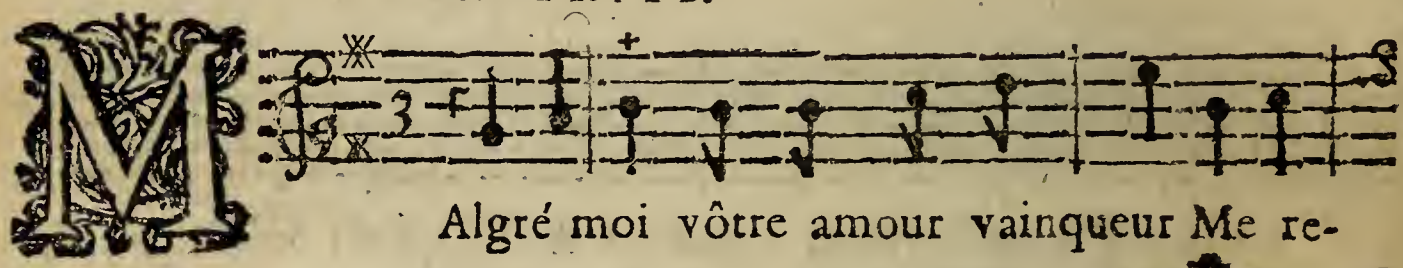




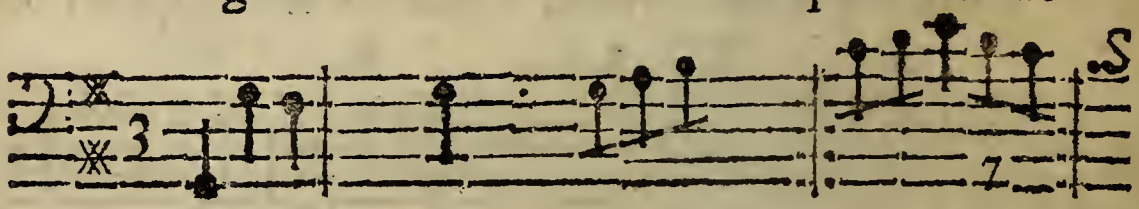
bien ſi charmant. Ah qu'un fidéle Amãt Eſt redou- table !

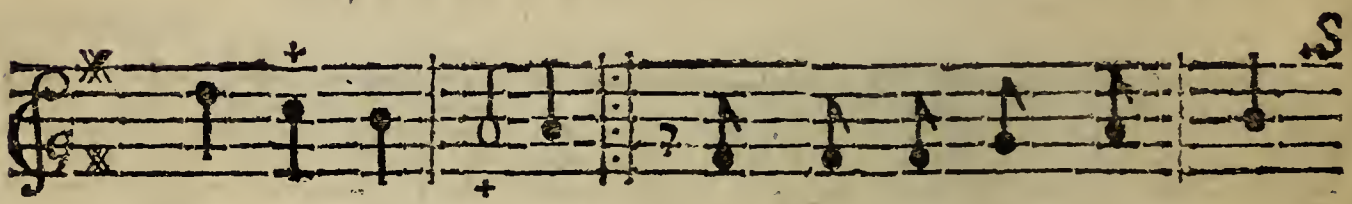


AMPHITRITE.

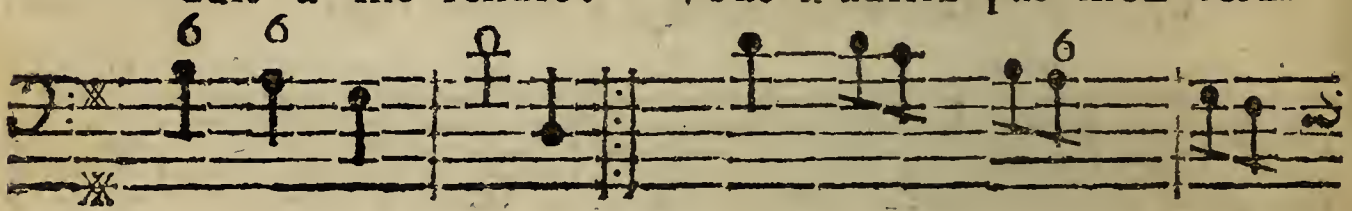


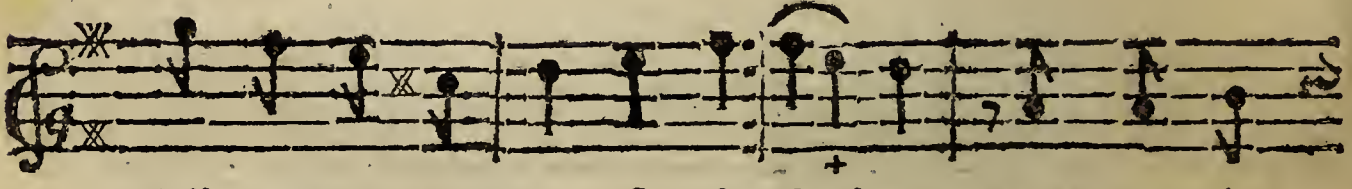
Algré moi vôtre amour vainqueur Me re-



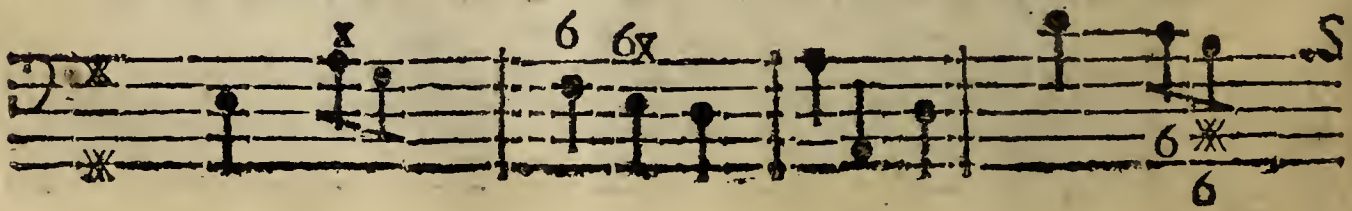


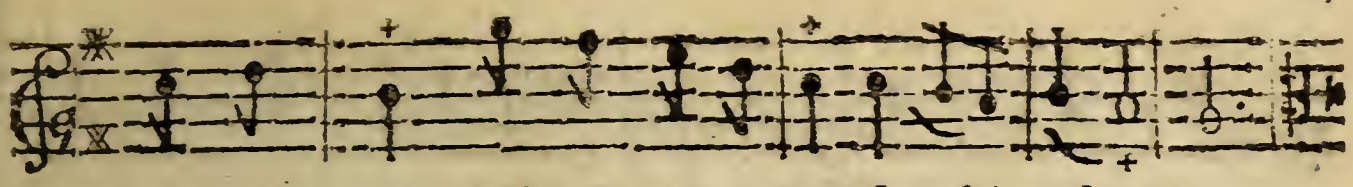
duit à me rendre: Vous n'auriez pas mon cœur



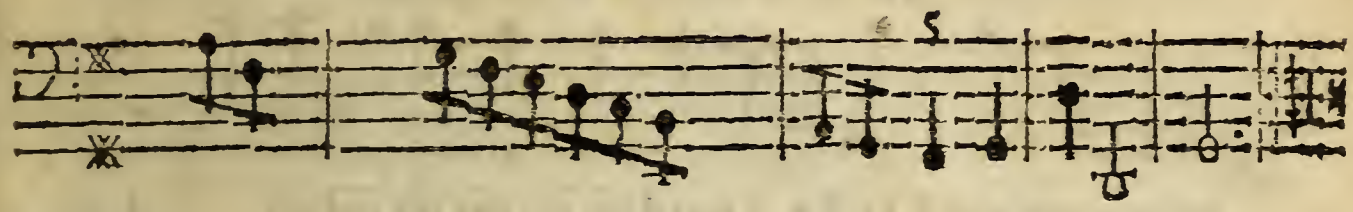


S'il pouvoit encor ſe dé- fendre. Vous n'auriez

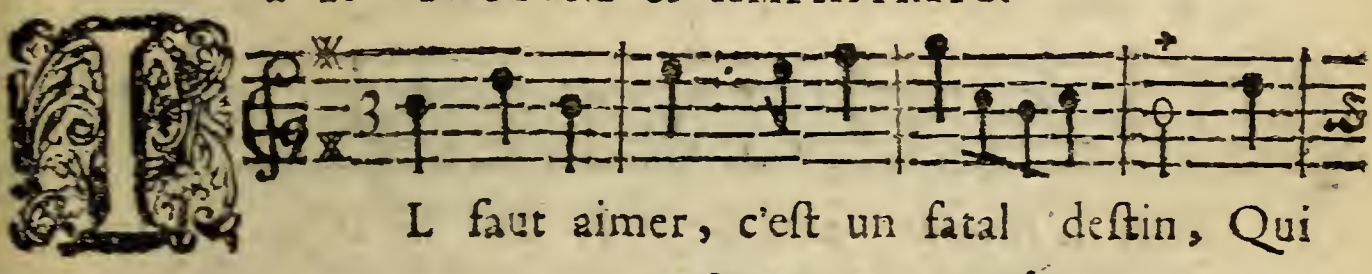




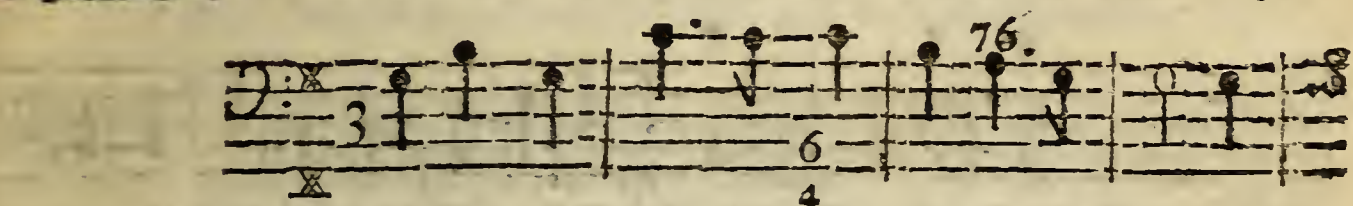
pas mon cœur S'il pouvoit encor ſe dé- fendre.



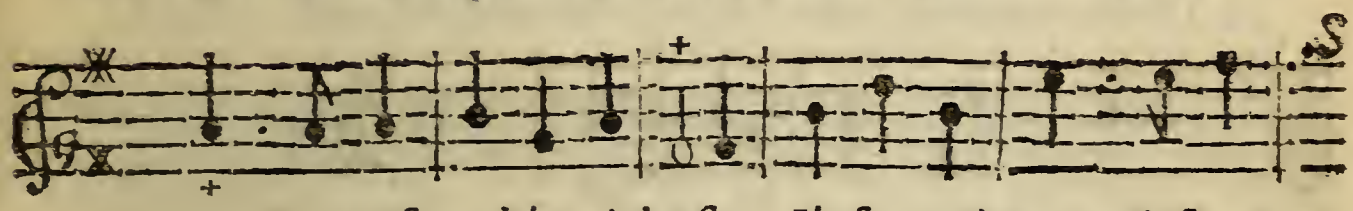
à 2. NEPTUNE & AMPHITRITE.



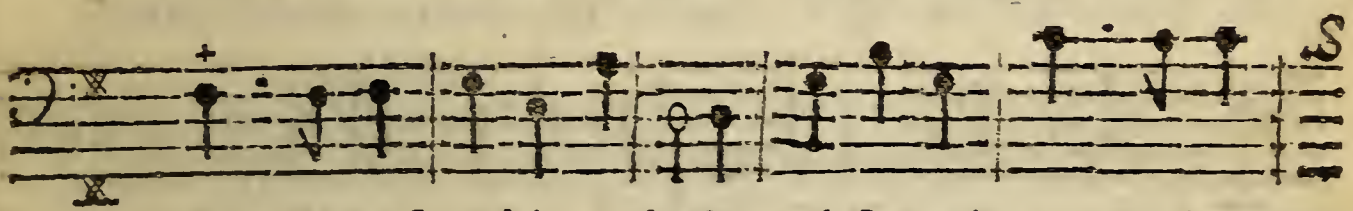
L faut aimer, c'eſt un fatal deſtin, Qui



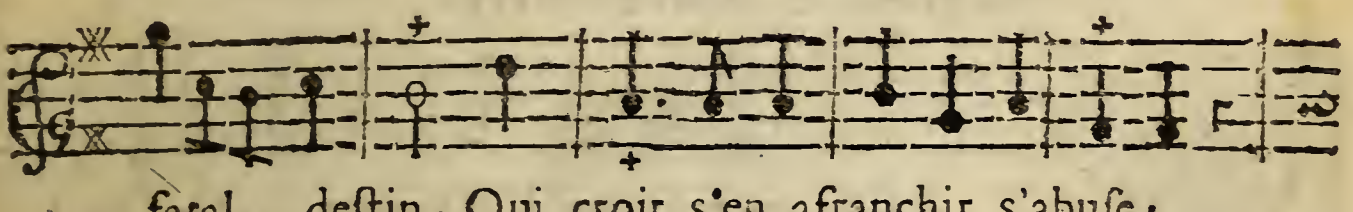
Il faut aimer, c'eſt un fatal deſtin, Qui



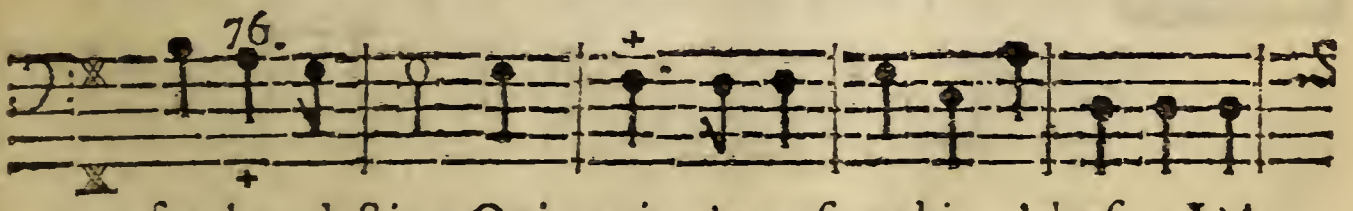
croit s'en afranchir s'abuſe; Il faut aimer, c'eſt un



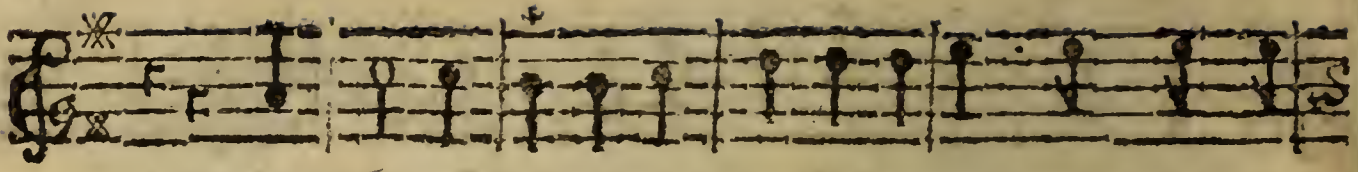
croit s'en afranchir s'abuſe, Il faut aimer, c'eſt un



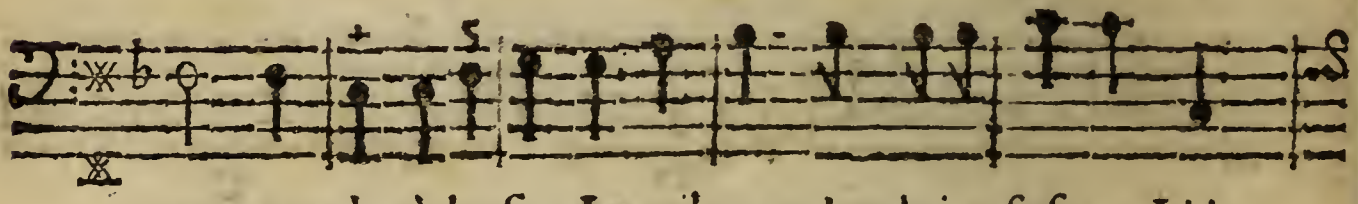
fatal deſtin, Qui croit s'en afranchir s'abuſe;



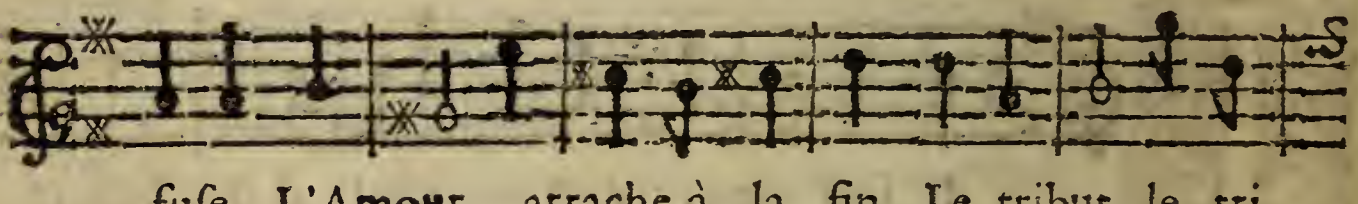
fatal deſtin, Qui croit s'en afranchir s'abuſe; L'A-



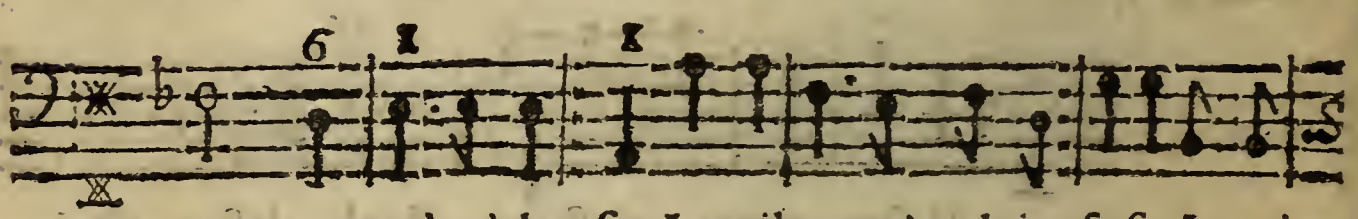
L'Amour arrache à la fin Le tribut qu'on lui re-



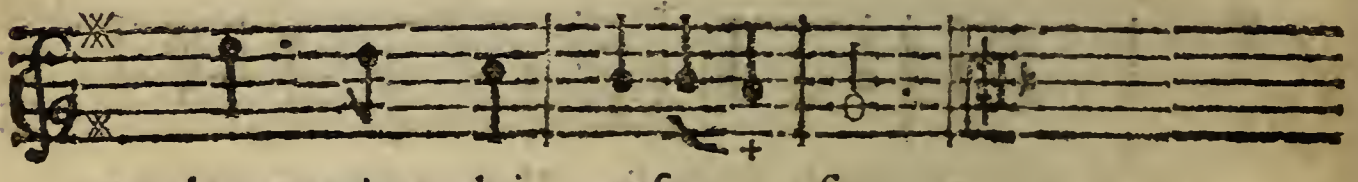
mour arrache à la fin Le tribut qu'on lui refuſe. L'A-



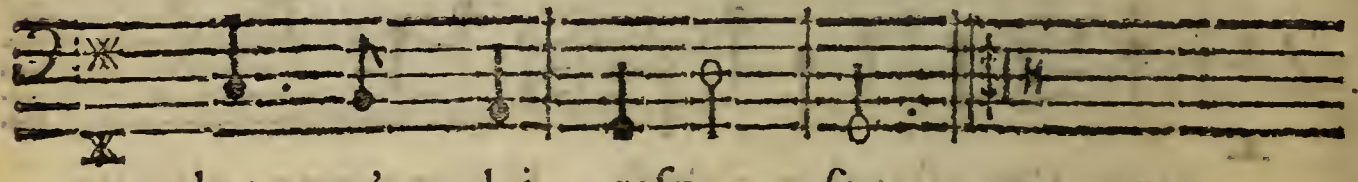
fuſe. L'Amour arrache à la fin Le tribut le tri-



mour arrache à la fin Le tribut qu'on lui refuſe. Le tri-

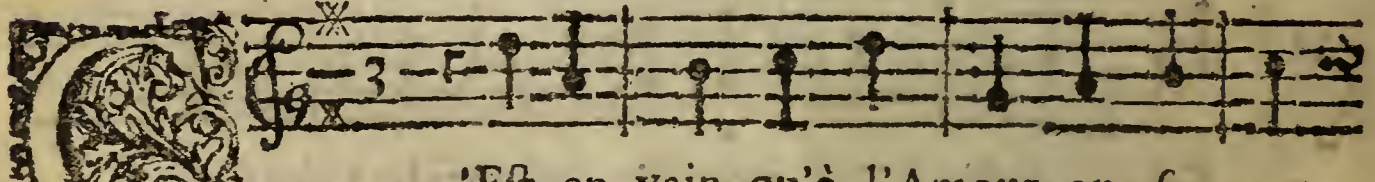


but qu'on lui refu- ſe.

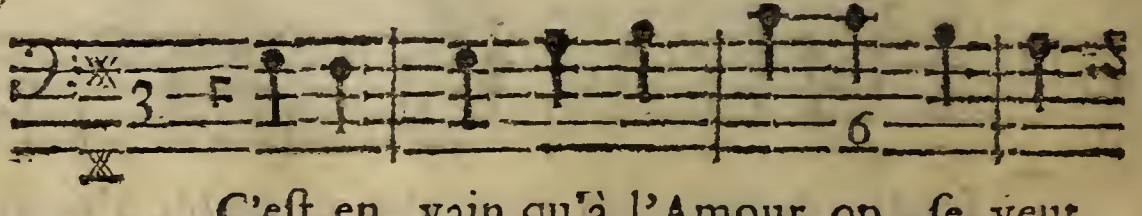


but qu'on lui refu- ſe.

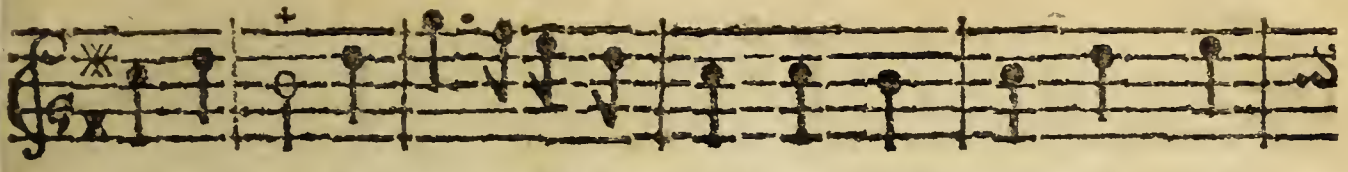
NEPTUNE & AMPHITRITE.



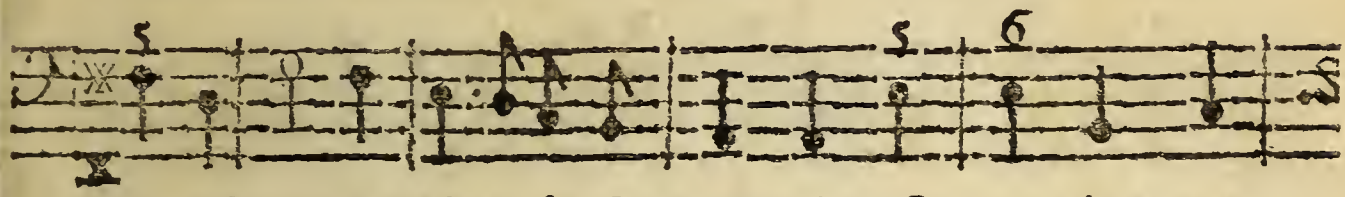
C'Eſt en vain qu'à l'Amour on ſe veut



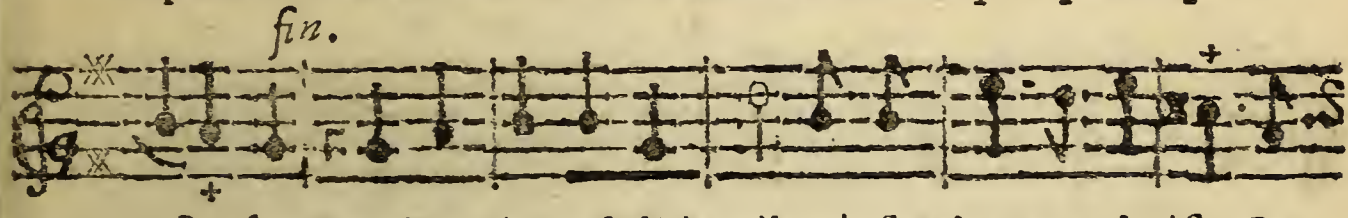
C'eſt en vain qu'à l'Amour on ſe veut



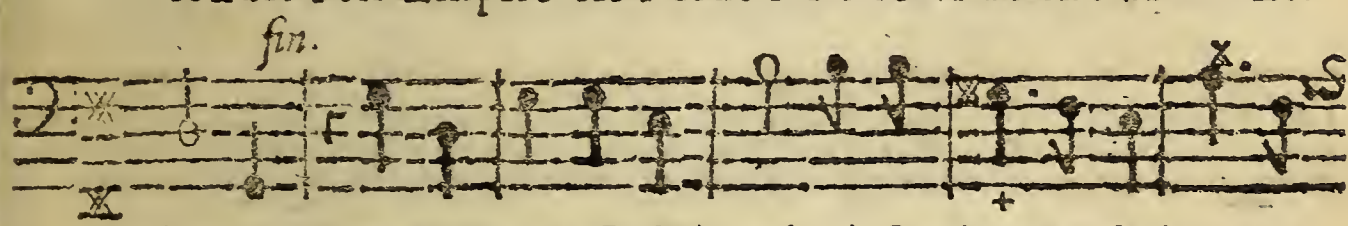
opoſer, L'ateinte de ſes traits n'en eſt que plus pro-



opoſer, L'ateinte de ſes traits n'en eſt que plus pro-

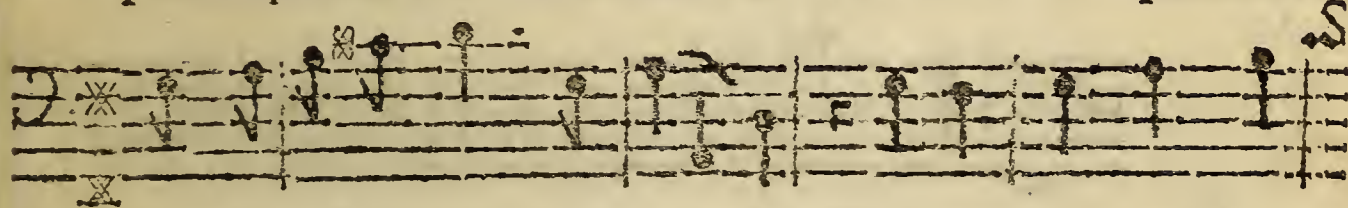


ſonde. Son Empire eſt l'écueil où ſe viennent briſer Les

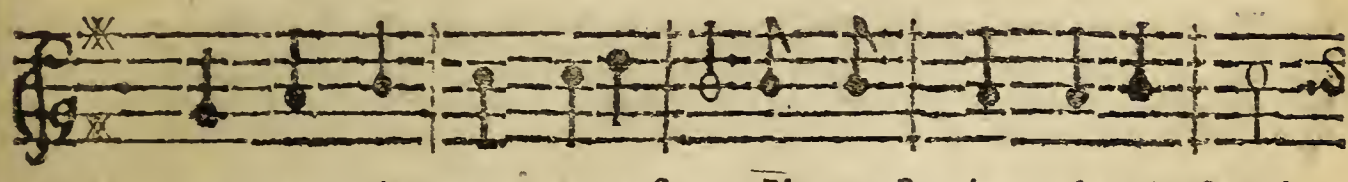


ſonde Son Empire eſt l'écueil où ſe viennent briſer Les

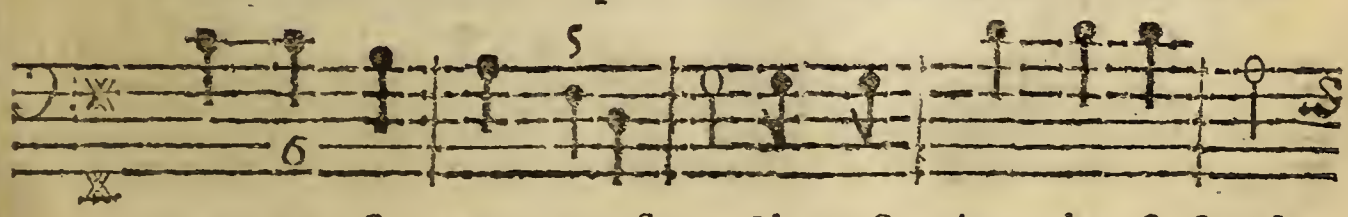
plus ſuperbes cœurs du monde. C'eſt en vain qu'à l'A-



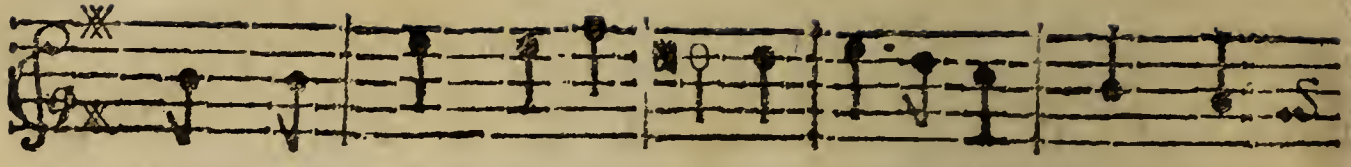
plus ſuperbes cœurs du monde. C'eſt en vain qu'à l'A-



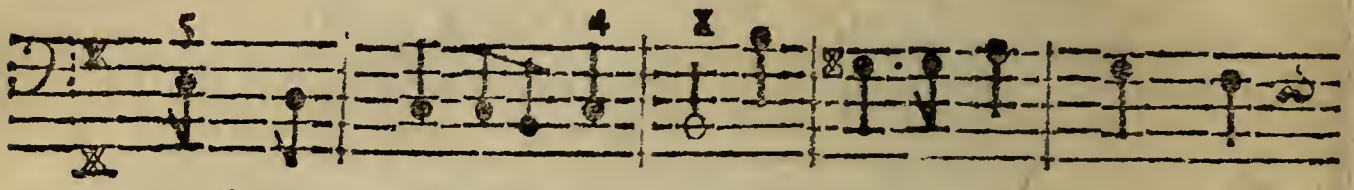
mour on ſe veut opoſer, Il n'eſt rien de ſi froid



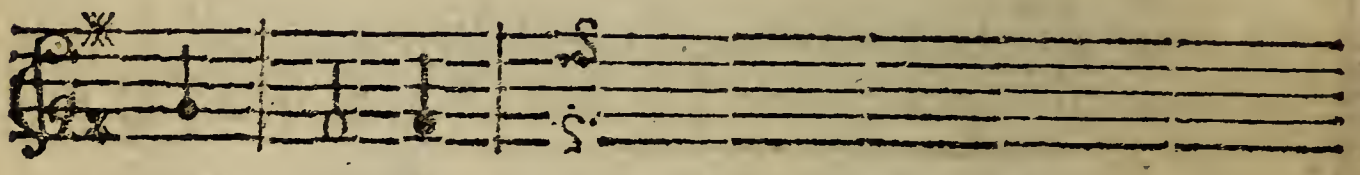
mour on ſe veut opoſer, Il n'eſt rien de ſi froid



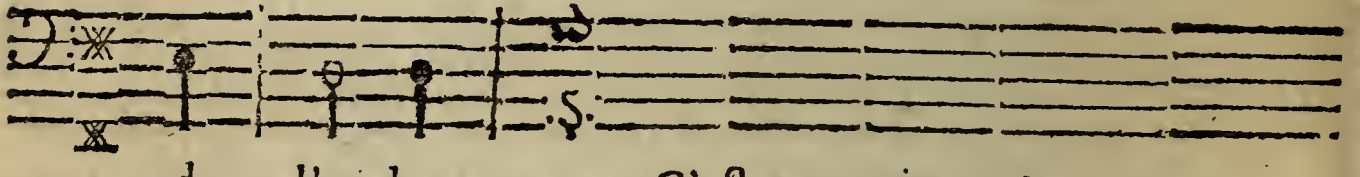
qu'il ne puiſſe embraſer, Il brûle juſqu'au ſein



qu'il ne puiſſe embraſer, Il brûle juſqu'au ſein

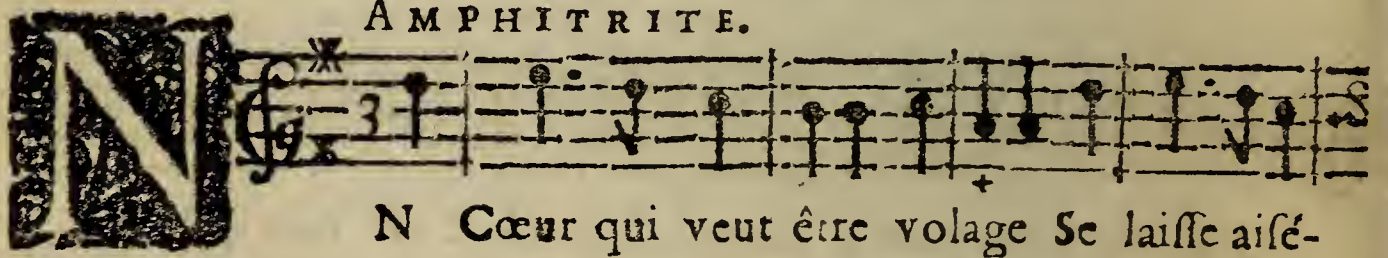


de l'onde. C'eſt en vain, &c.

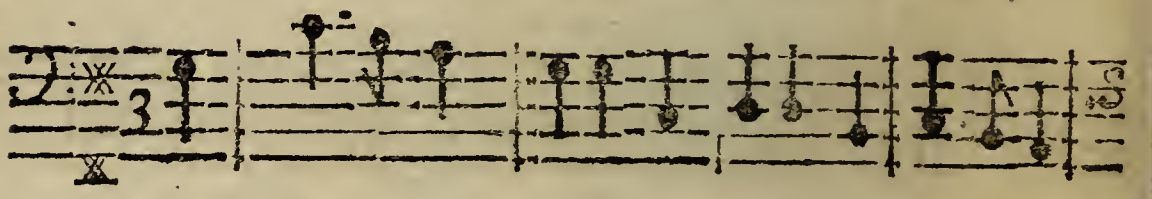


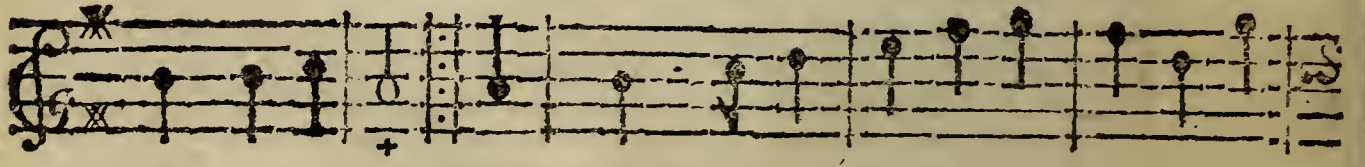
de l'onde. C'eſt en vain, &c.

AMPHITRITE.

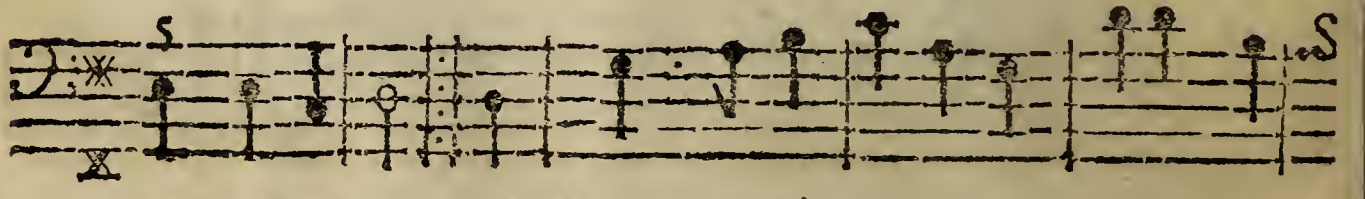


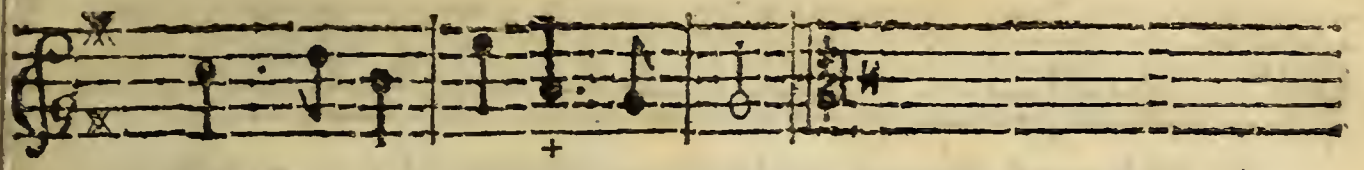
N Cœur qui veut être volage Se laiſſe aiſé-



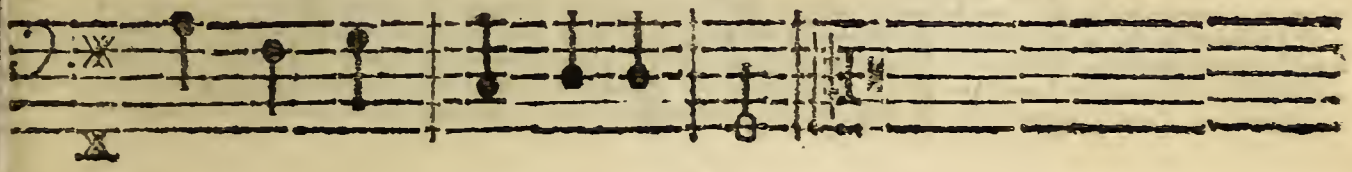


ment engager, Mon cœur mal aiſément s'engage Mais

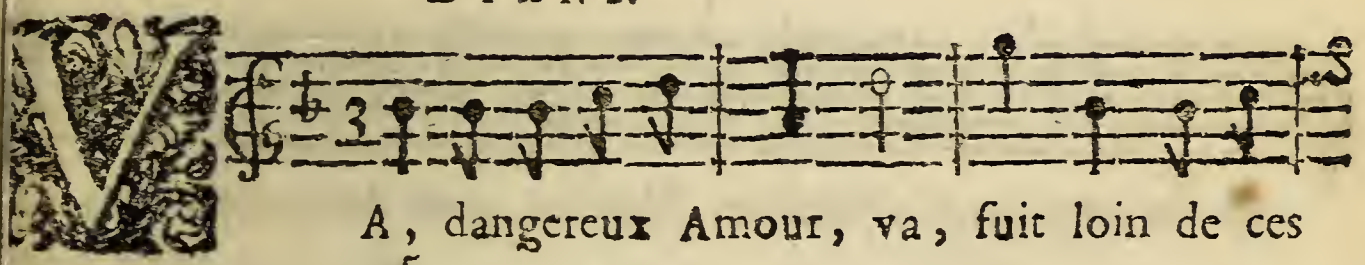




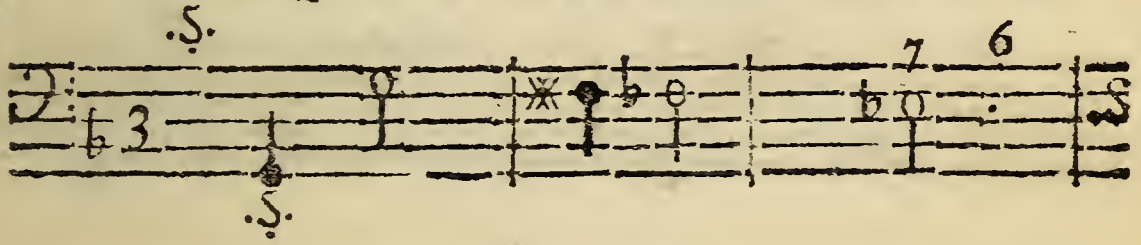
c'eſt pour ne jamais changer.

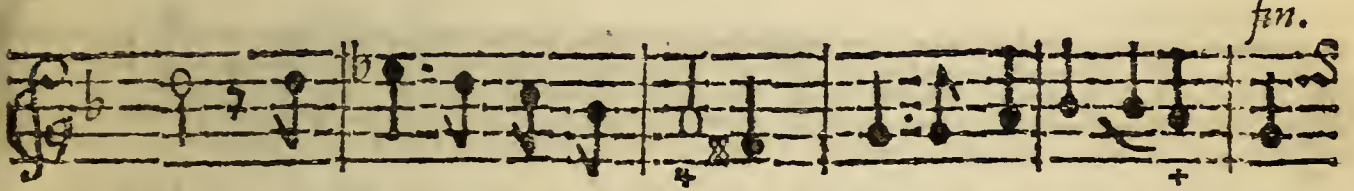


DIANE.

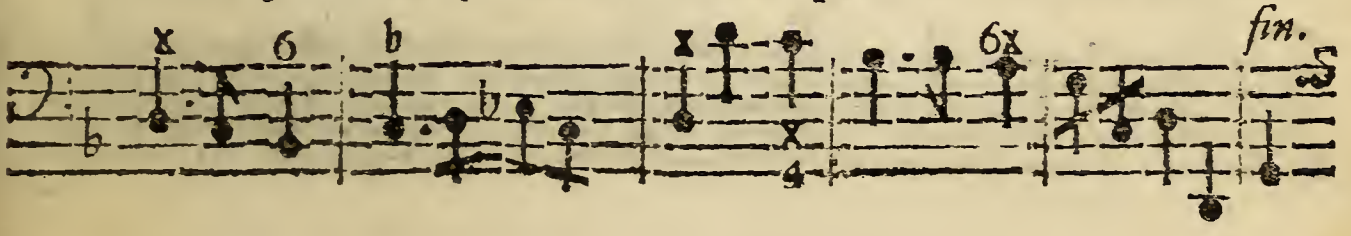


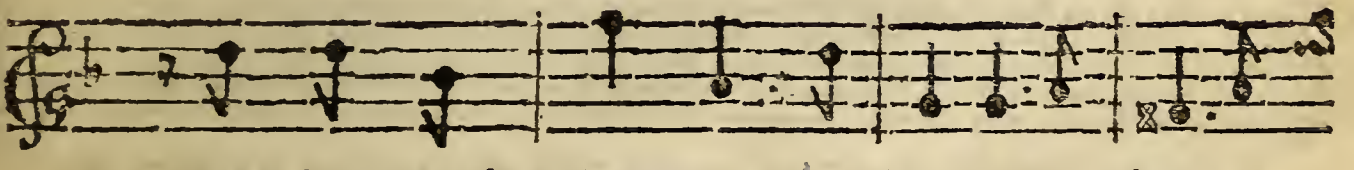
A, dangereux Amour, va, fuit loin de ces



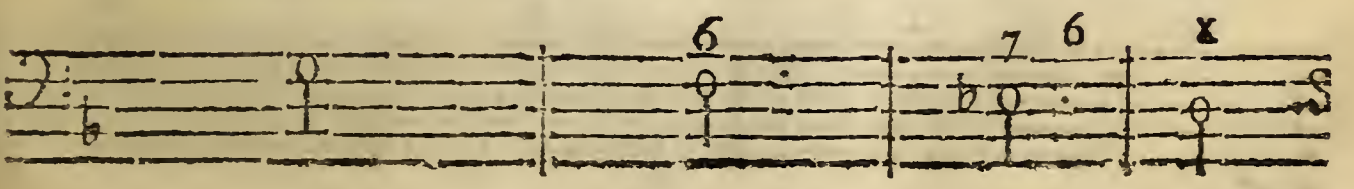


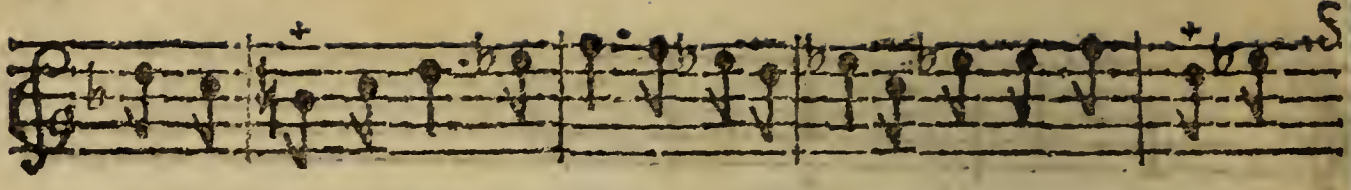
Bois Je veux y conſerver la paix & l'innocen- ce.



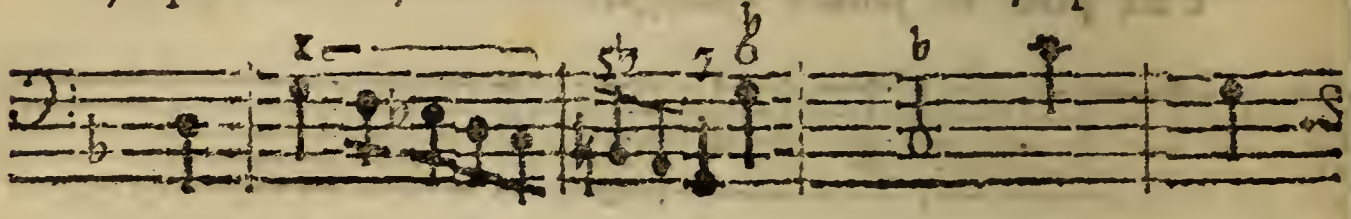


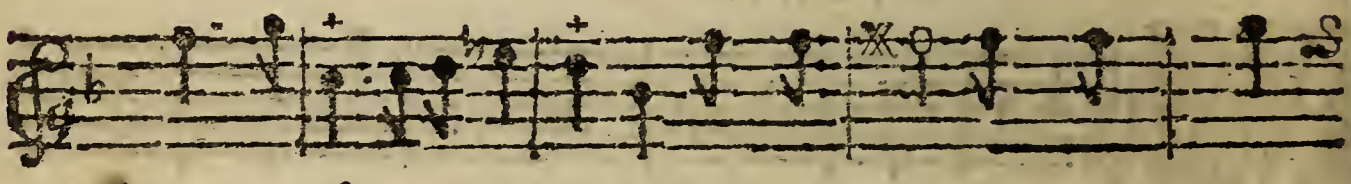
Les plus grands Dieux t'ont cedez mille fois, Et



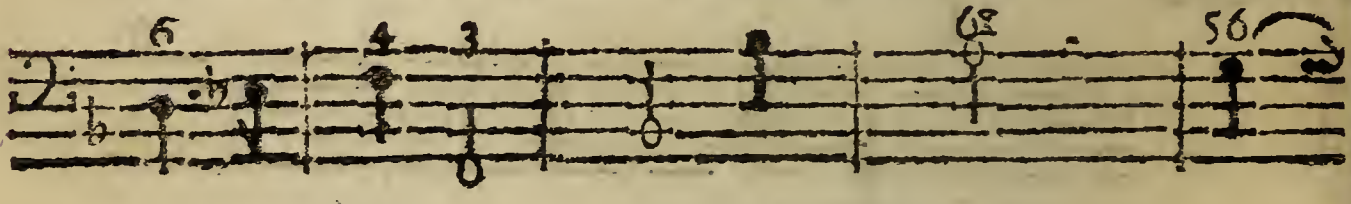


je prétens toûjours te faire réſiſtance. Et je prétens toû-

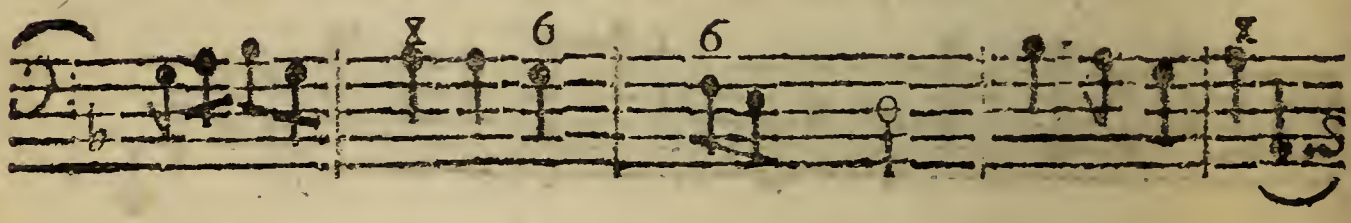


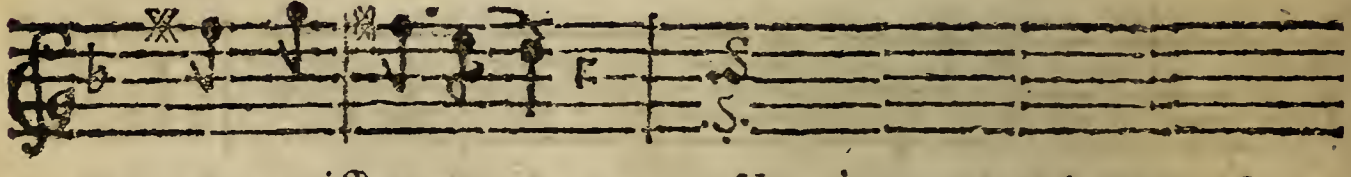


jours te faire réſiſtance. Plus on voit de grands cœurs

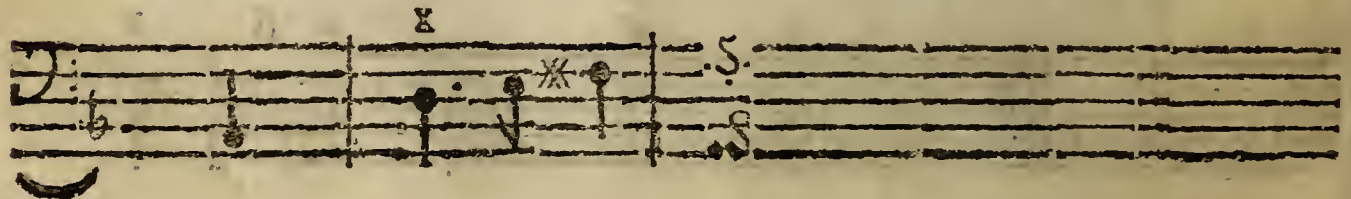


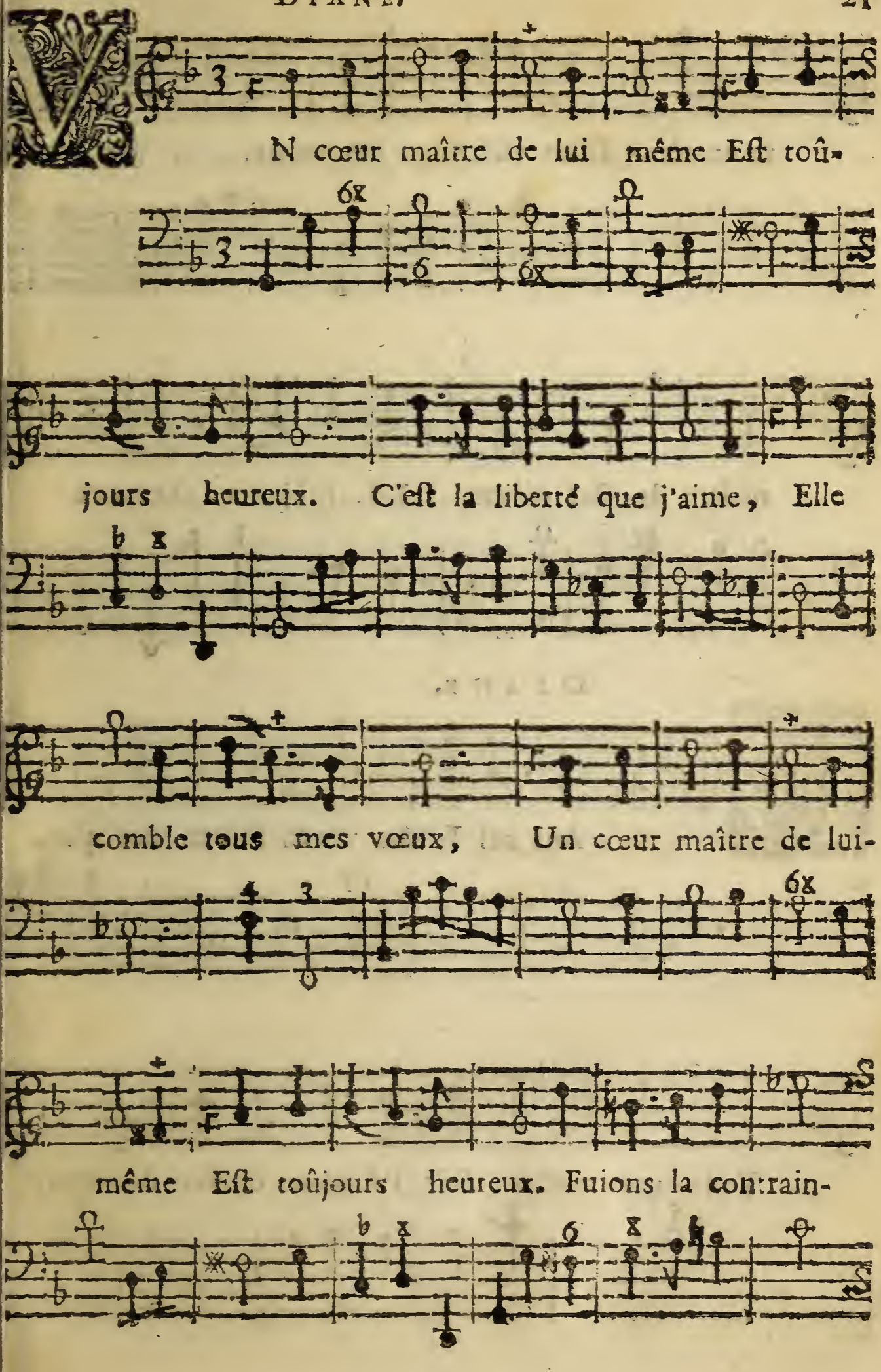
aſſer- vis à tes loix Plus il eſt beau de braver

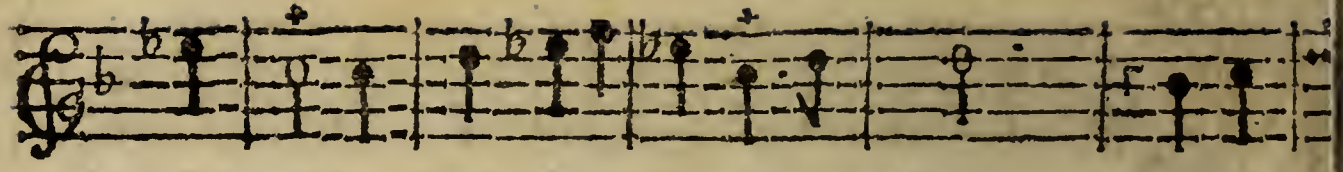




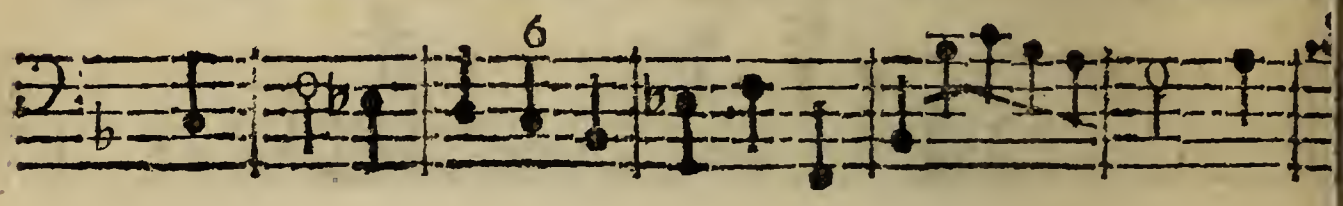
ta puiſſance. Va, dangereux Amour, &c.

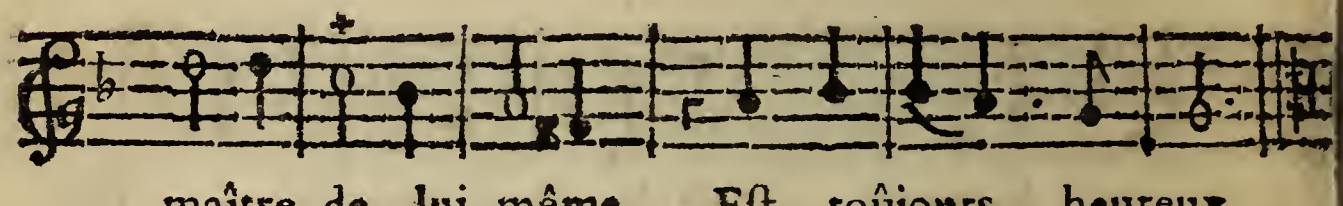



N cœur maître de lui même Est toû-
jours heureux. C'est la liberté que j'aime, Elle
comble tous mes vœux, Un cœur maître de lui-
même Est toûjours heureux. Fuions la contrain-

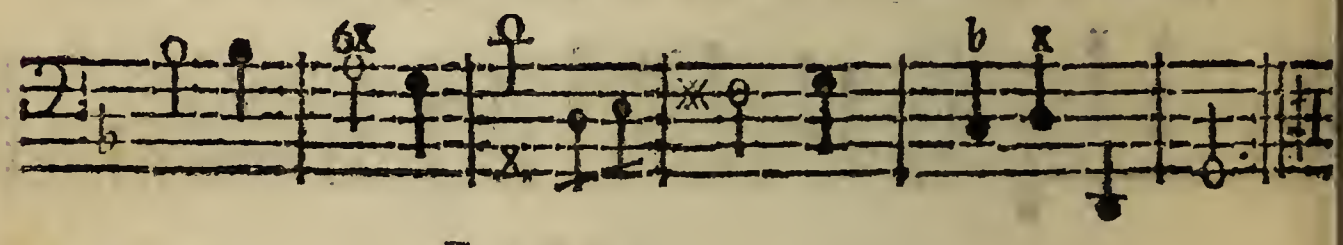


te extrême D'un eſclavage amoureux. Un cœur

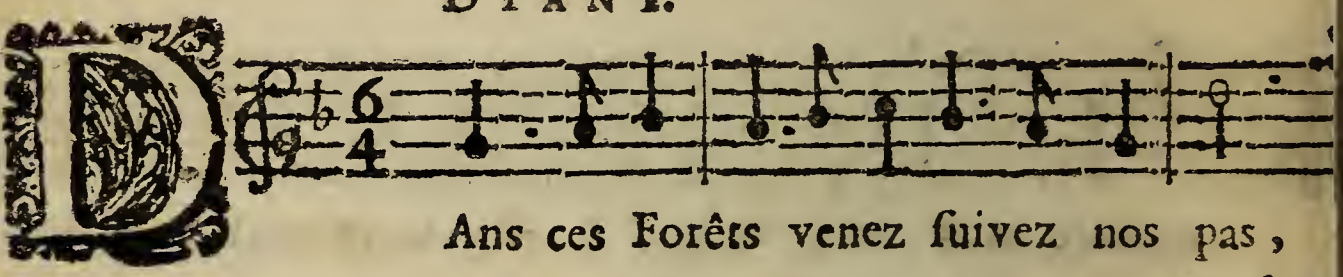




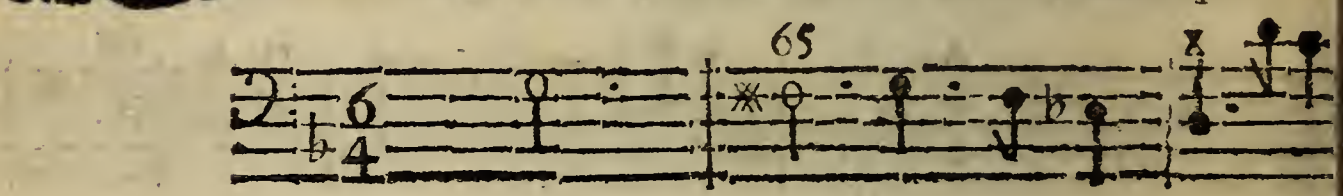
maître de lui même Eſt toûjours heureux

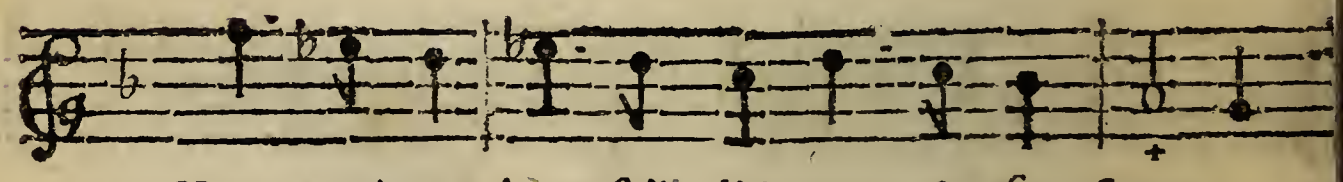


DIANE.

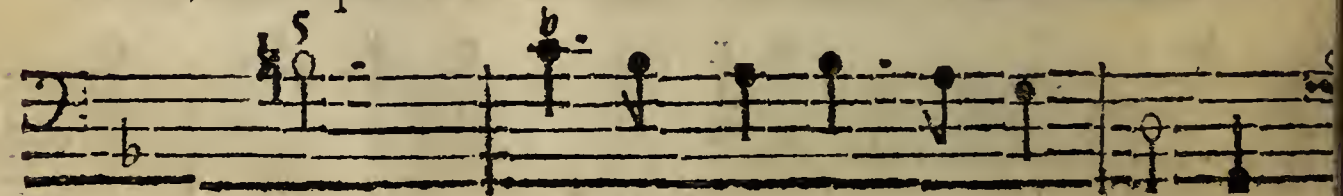


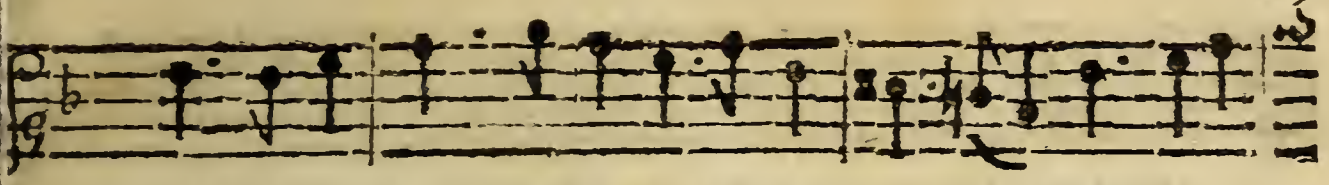
Ans ces Forêts venez ſuivez nos pas,



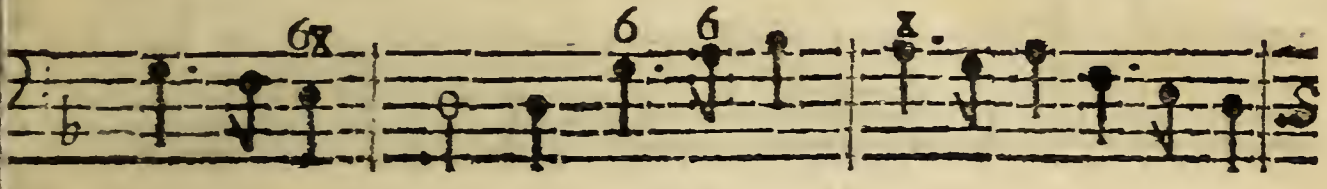


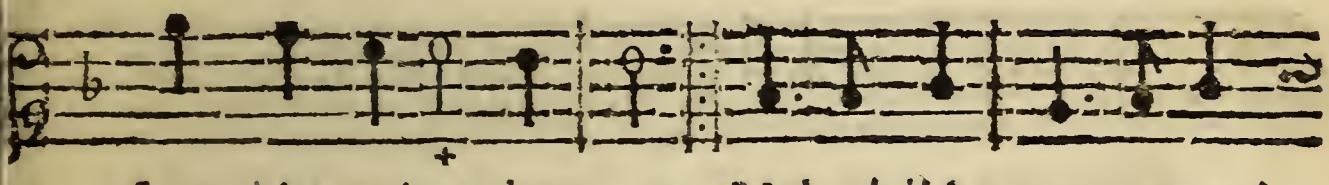
Vous qui voulez fuïr l'Amour & ſes flammes:



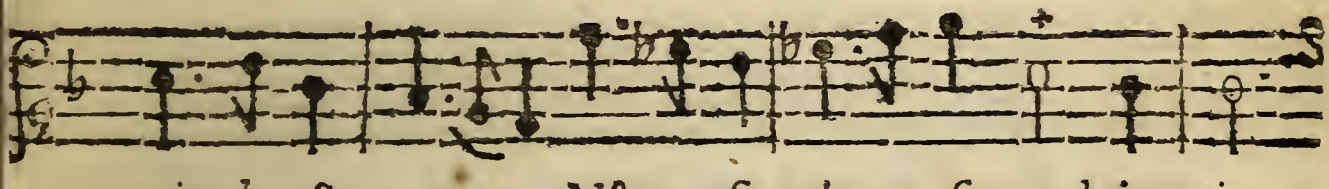


C'eſt vainement qu'il menace nos ames, Tous ſes é-

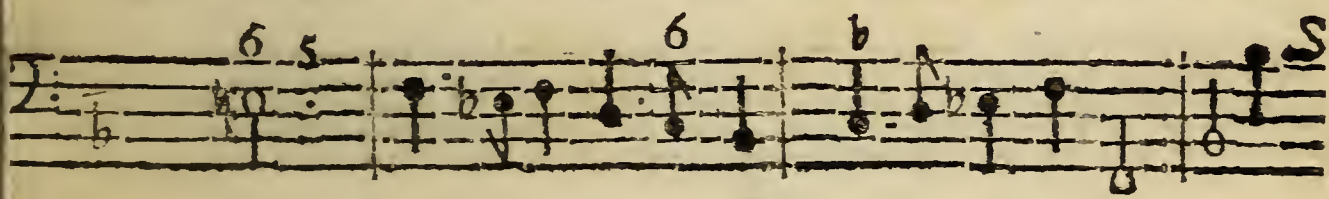


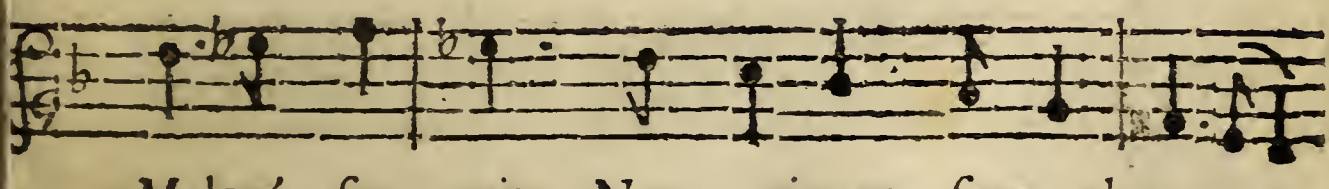


forts n'en triomphent pas, Malgré l'Amour, au mé-

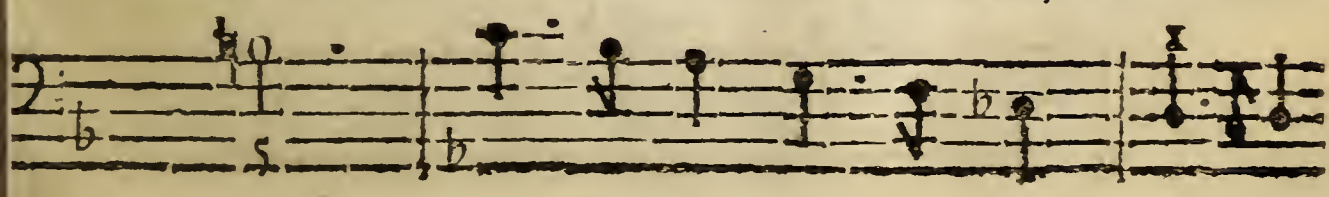


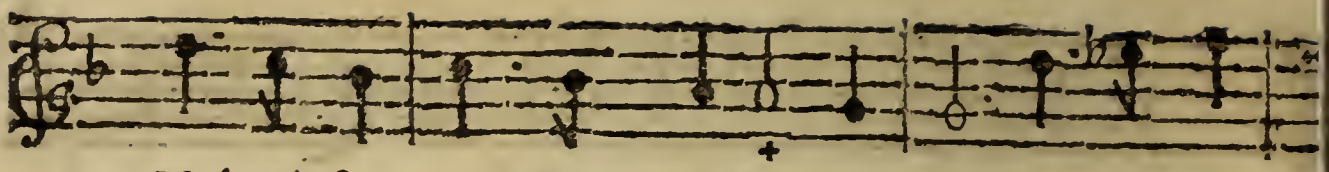
pris de ſes armes, Nôtre fierté ne ſe rend jamais;



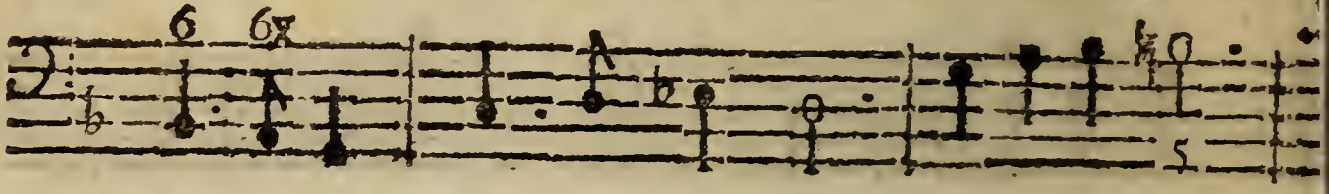


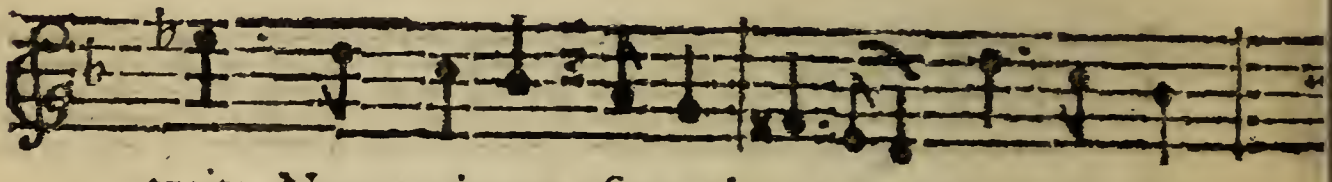
Malgré ſes traits Nous vivons ſans alarmes,



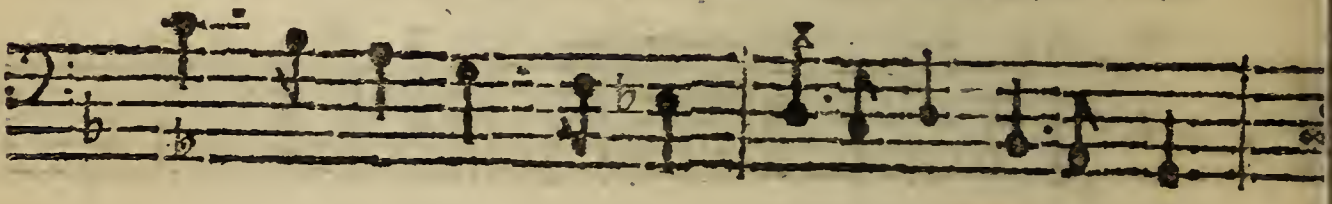


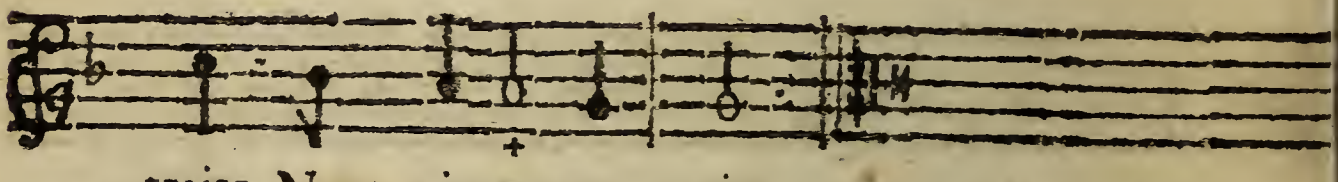
Malgré ſes traits Nons vivons en paix. Malgré ſes





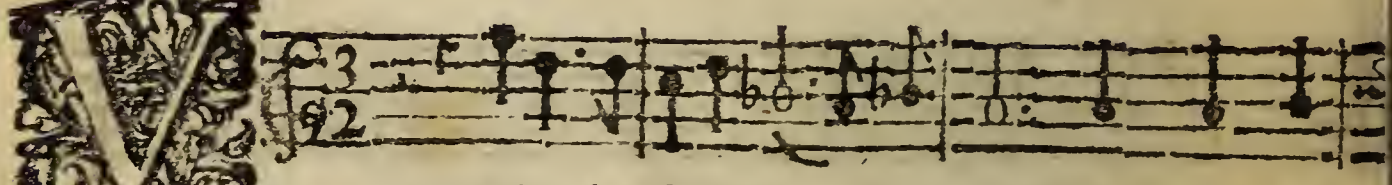
traits Nous vivons ſans alarmes, Malgré ſes



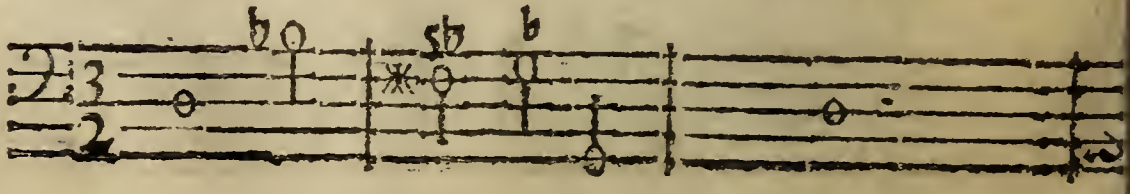


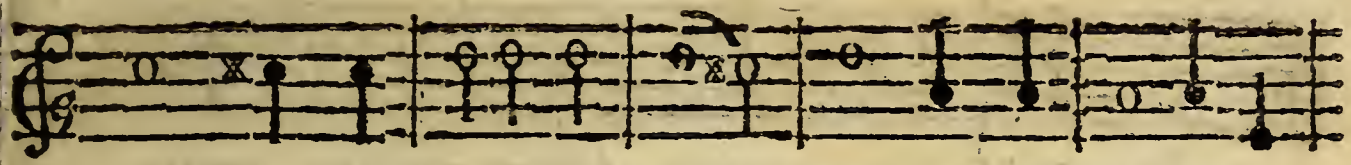
traits Nous vivons en paix.

La Nuit.

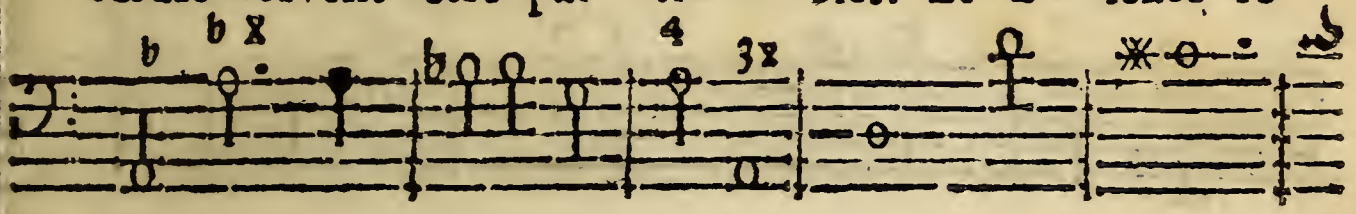


Oicy le favora- ble temps Où tous les

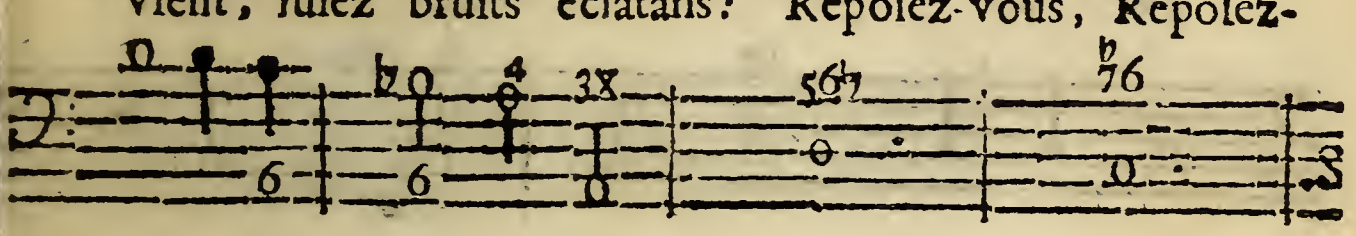




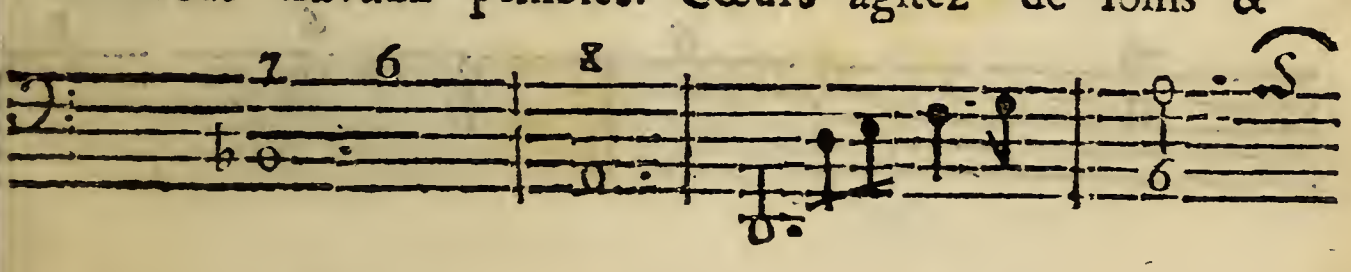
cœurs doivent être pai- si- bles. Le si- lence re-



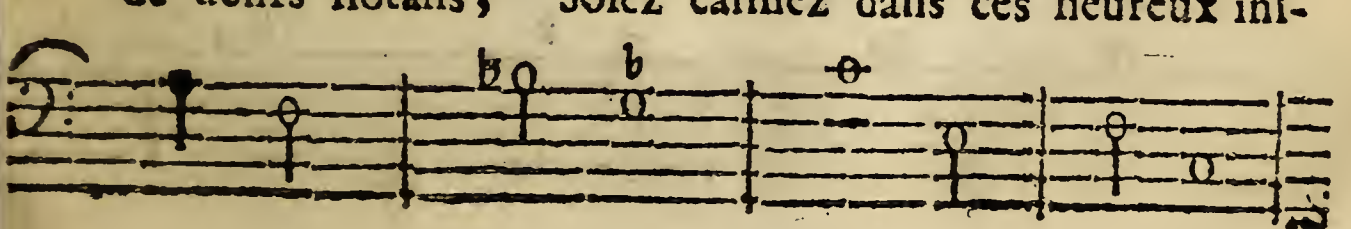
vient, fuiez bruits éclatans: Répoſez-vous, Répoſez-

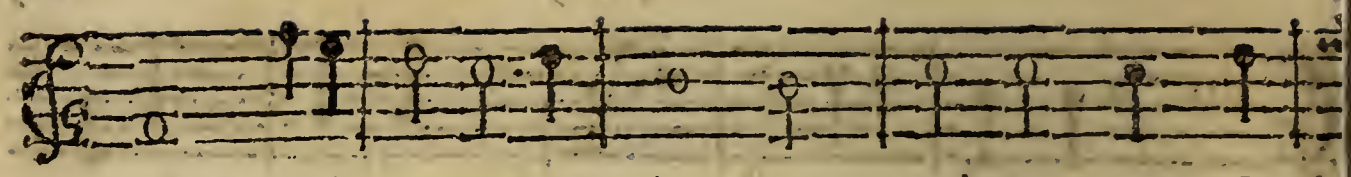


vous travaux penibles. Cœurs agitez de ſoins &

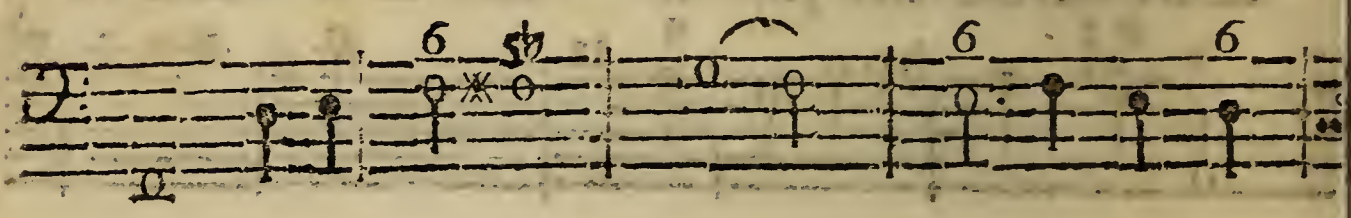


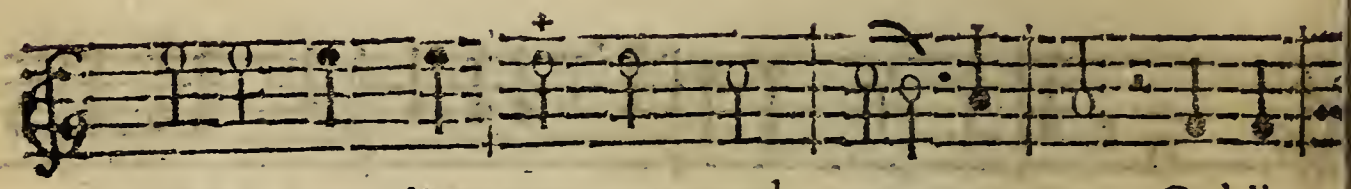
de déſirs flotans, Soiez calmez dans ces heureux inſ-



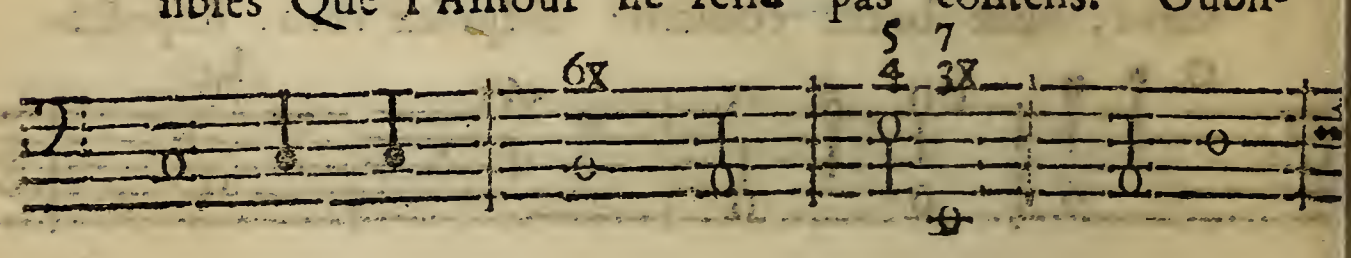


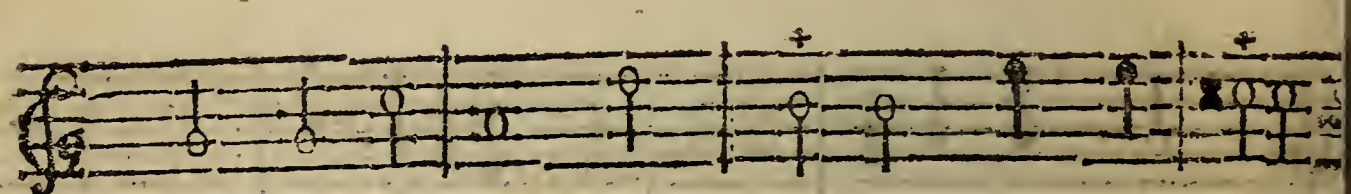
tans : Oubliez vos ennuis, cœurs tendres, cœurs ſen-



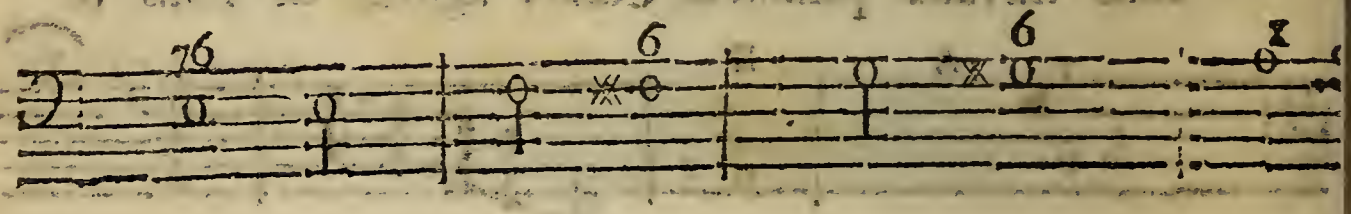


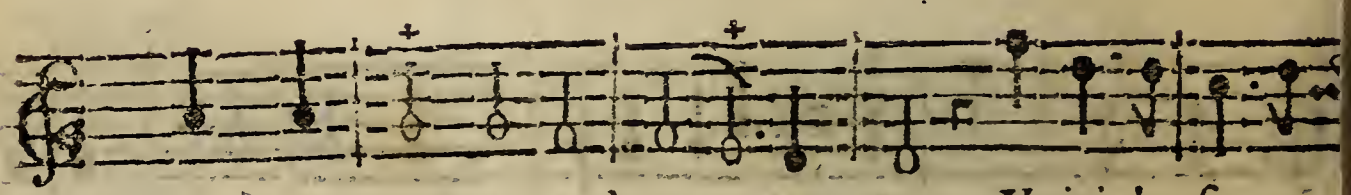
ſibles Que l'Amour ne rend pas contens. Oubli-



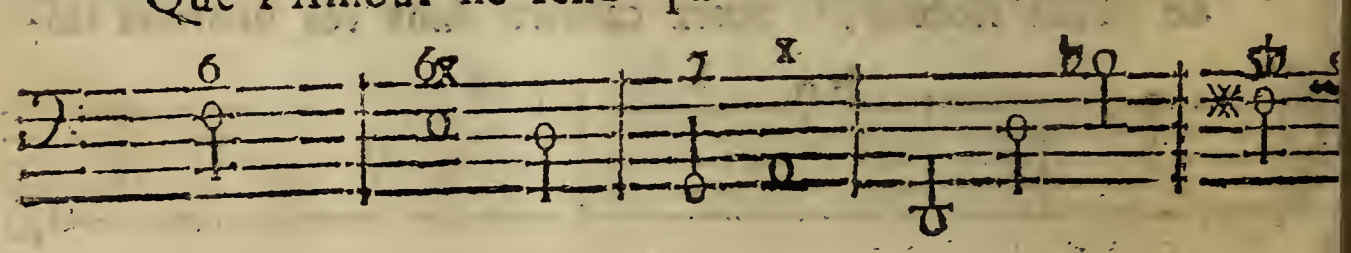


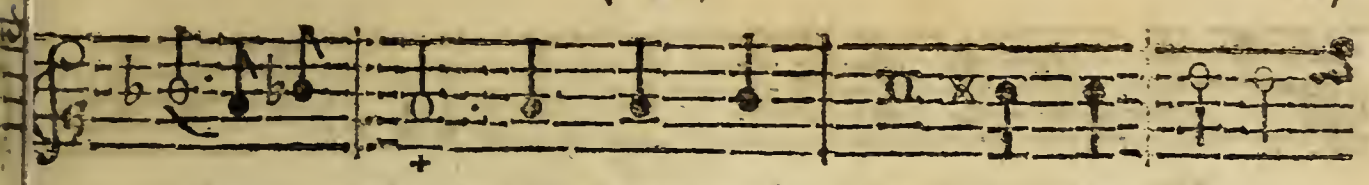
ez vos ennuis, cœurs tendres, cœurs ſenſibles



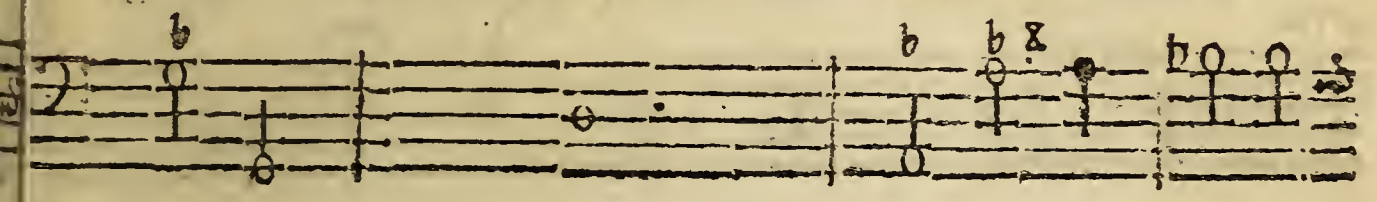


Que l'Amour ne rend pas contens. Voici le favo-

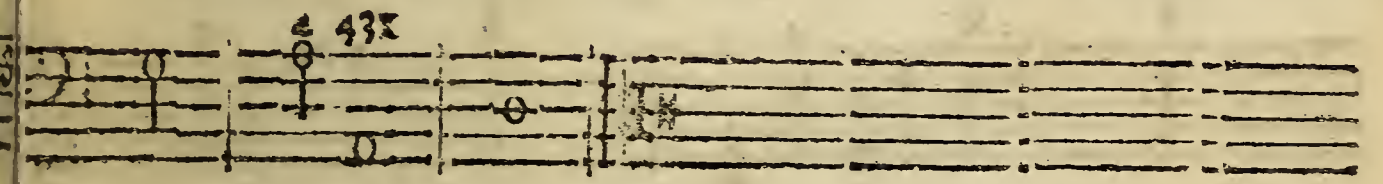




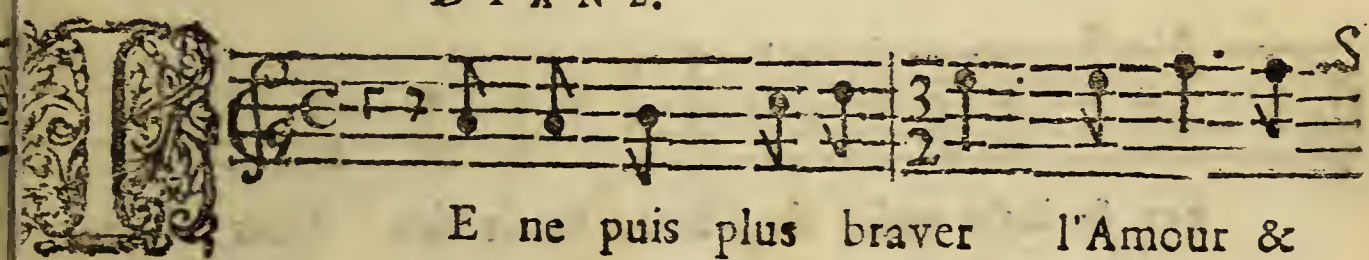
rable temps. Où tous les cœurs doivent être



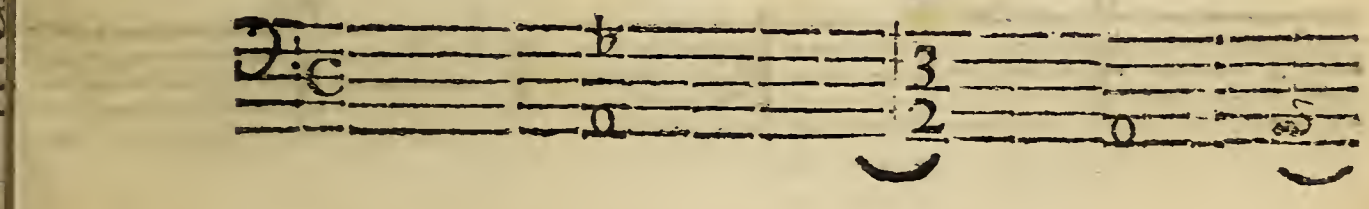
paisi- bles.

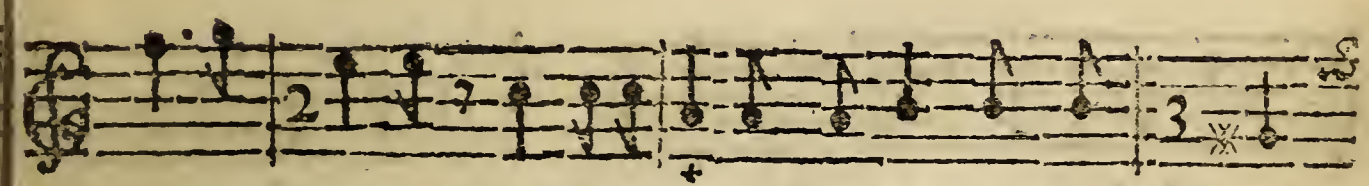


DIANE.

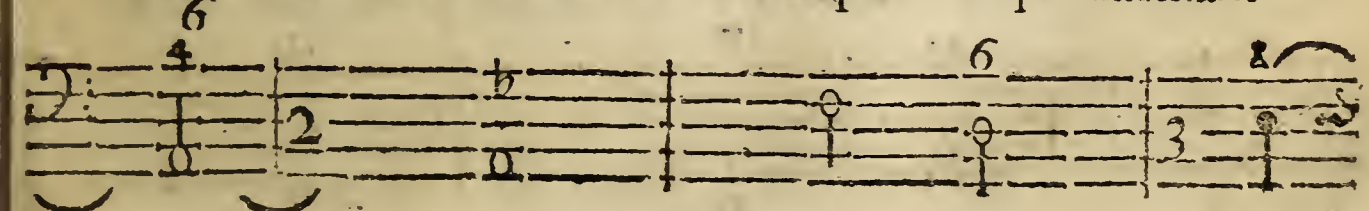


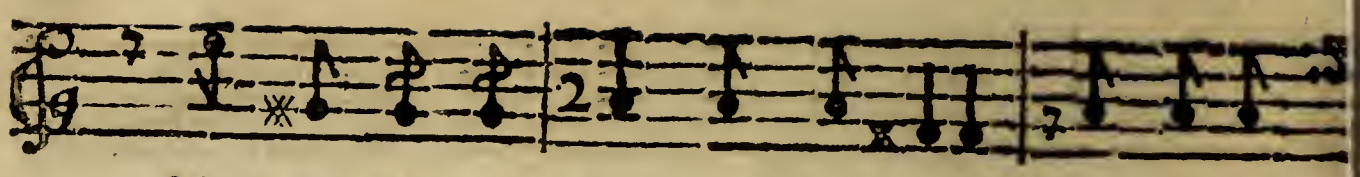
E ne puis plus braver l'Amour &



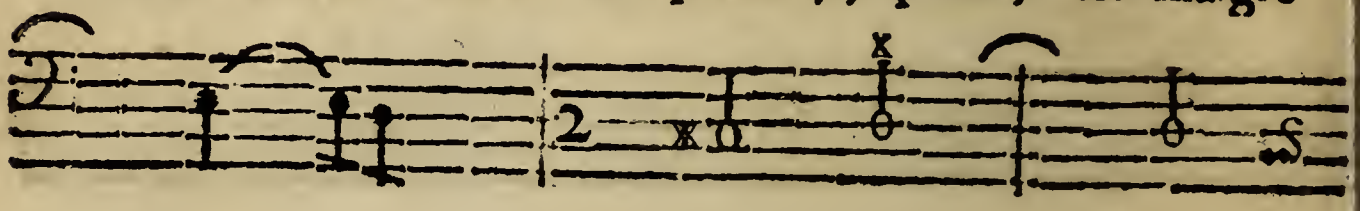


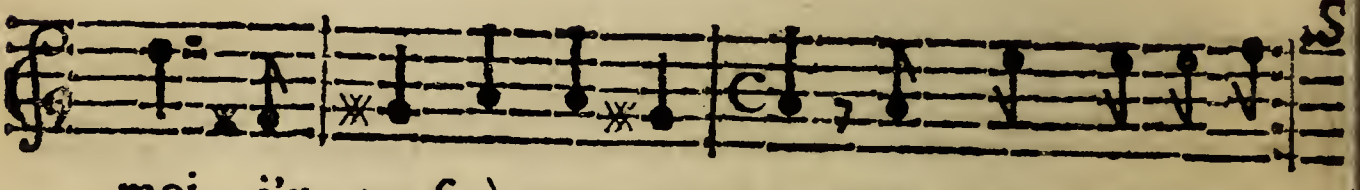
sa puissance, Endimion m'a paru trop charmant



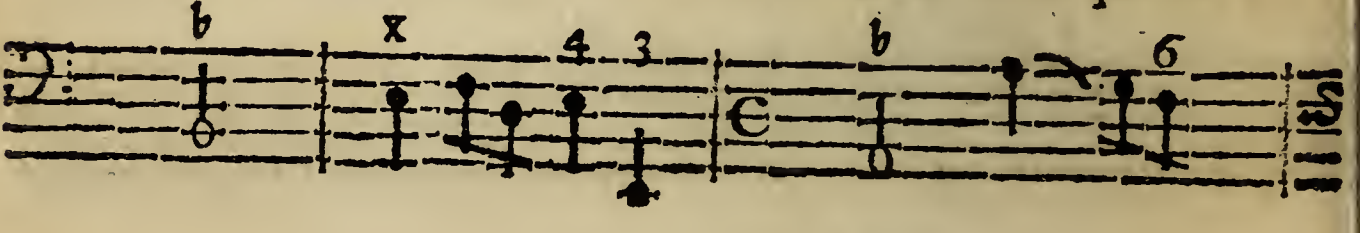


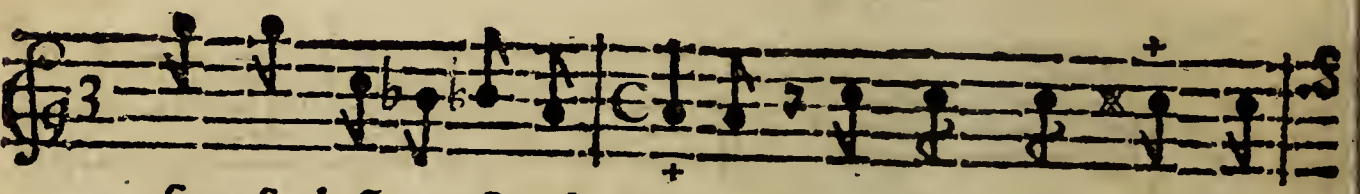
Mon trouble s'acroît quand j'y penſe, Et malgré



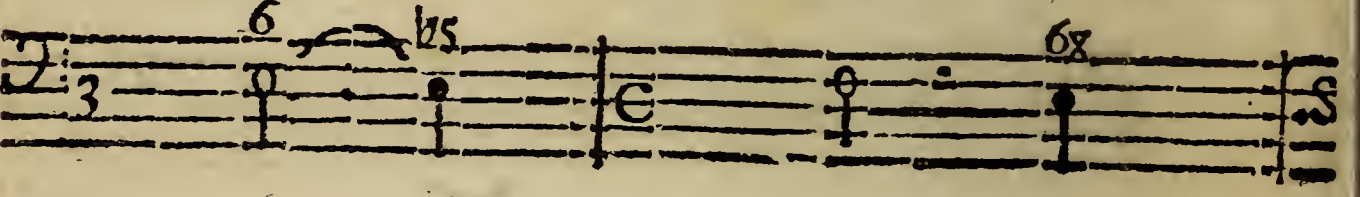


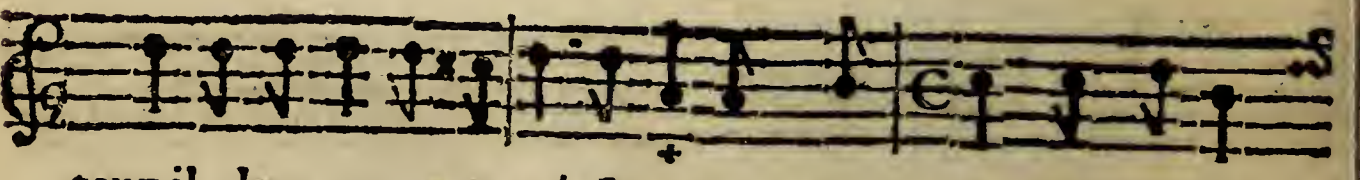
moi j'y penſe à tout moment. Mon cœur qui fut ſi



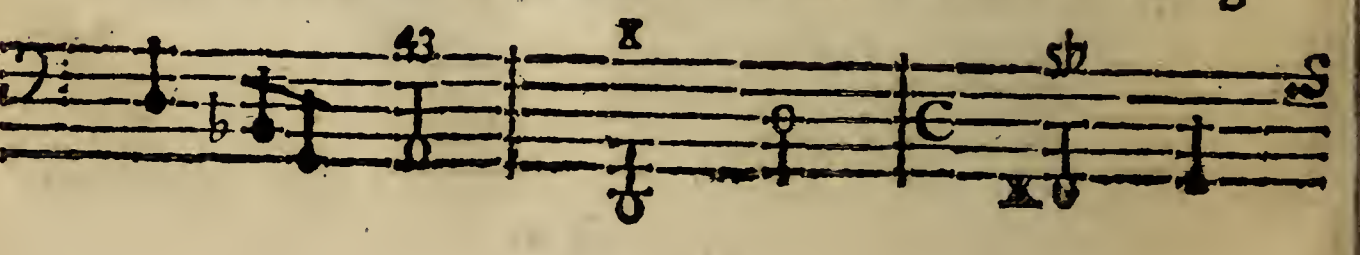


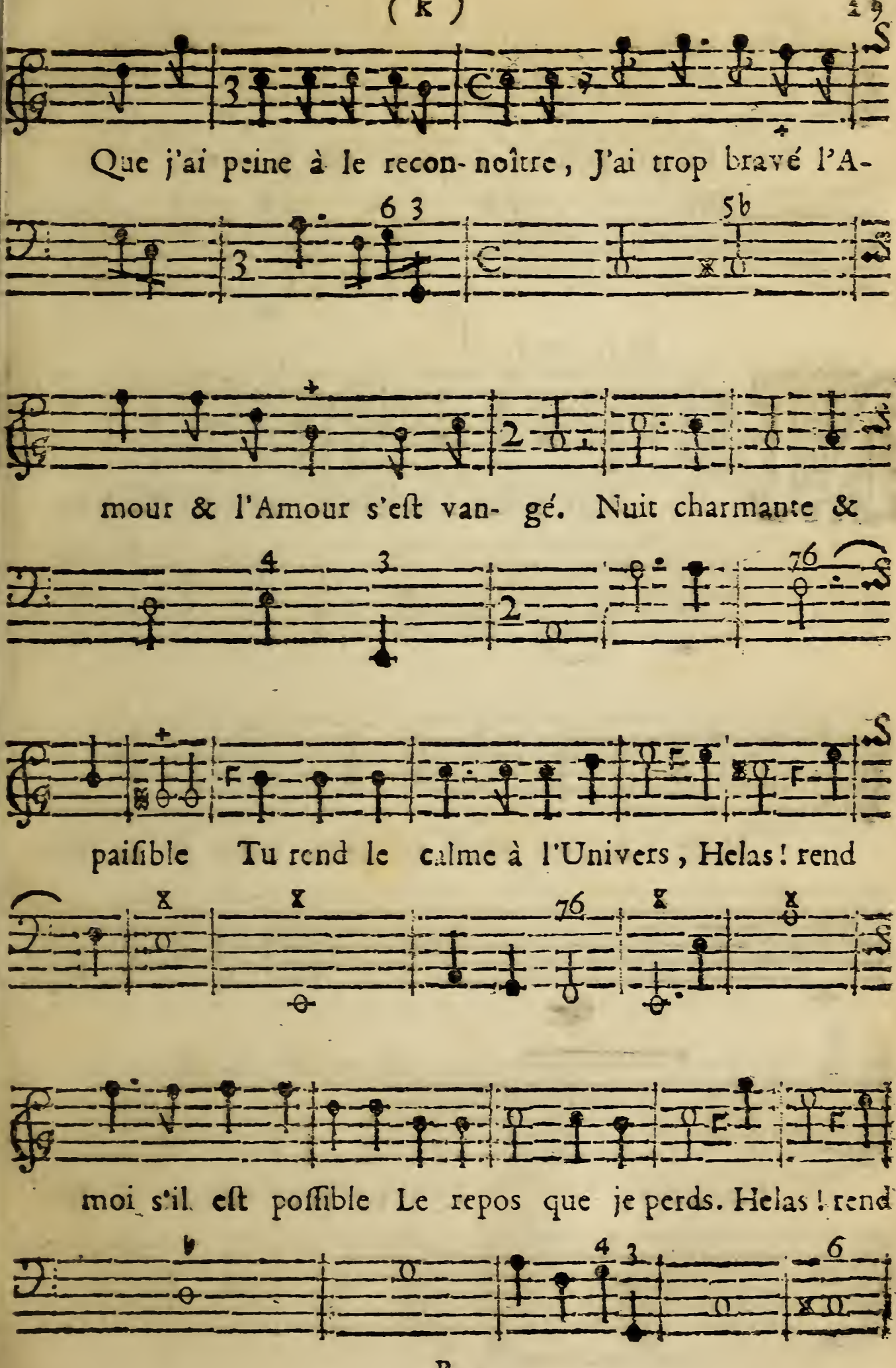
fier ſe laſſe enfin de l'être, Dans des liens hon-

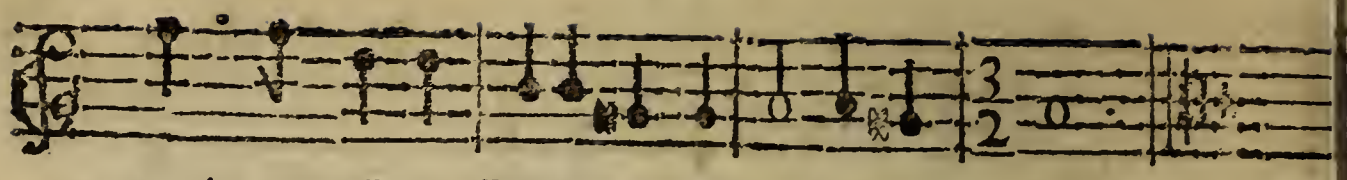




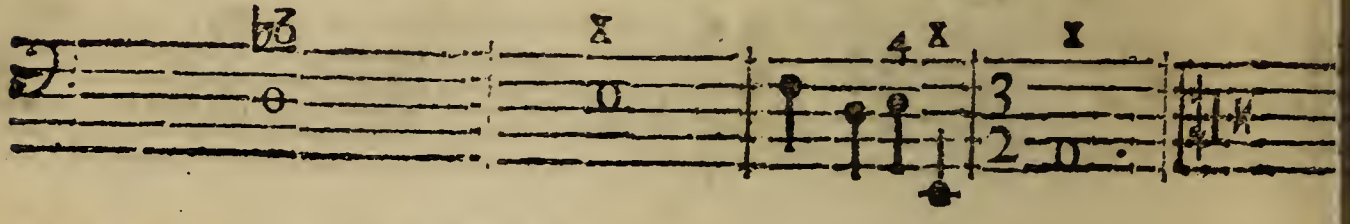
teux il demeure engagé: Je trouve mon cœur ſi changé



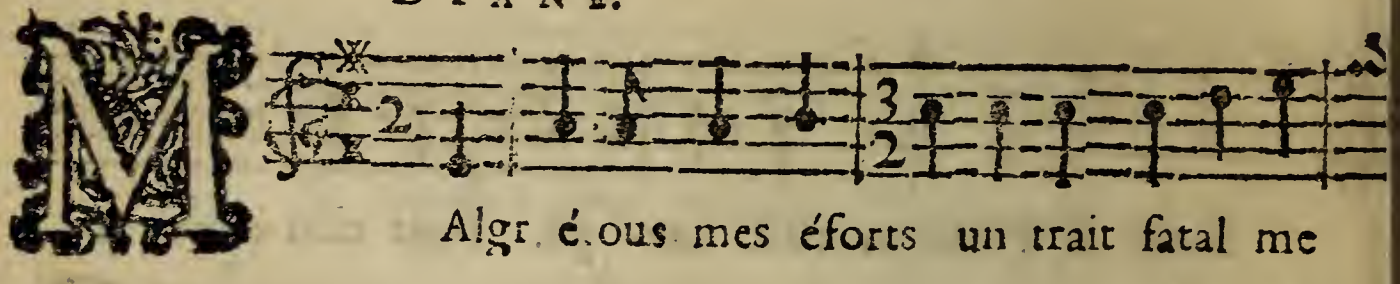

Que j'ai peine à le recon- noître, J'ai trop bravé l'A-
mour & l'Amour s'eſt van- gé. Nuit charmante &
paiſible Tu rend le calme à l'Univers, Helas! rend
moi s'il eſt poſſible Le repos que je perds. Helas! rend



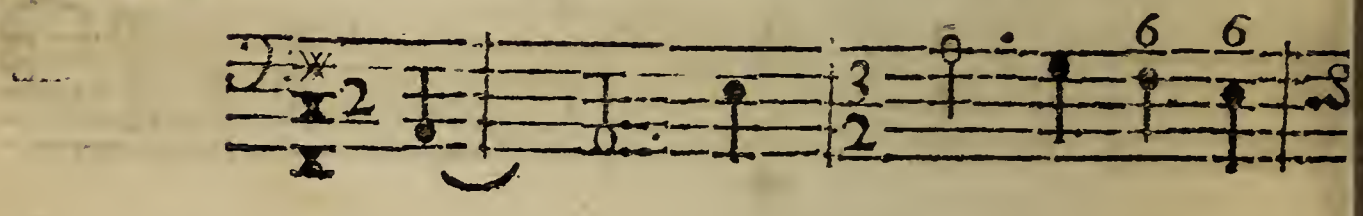
moi s'il eſt poſſible Le repos que je perds.



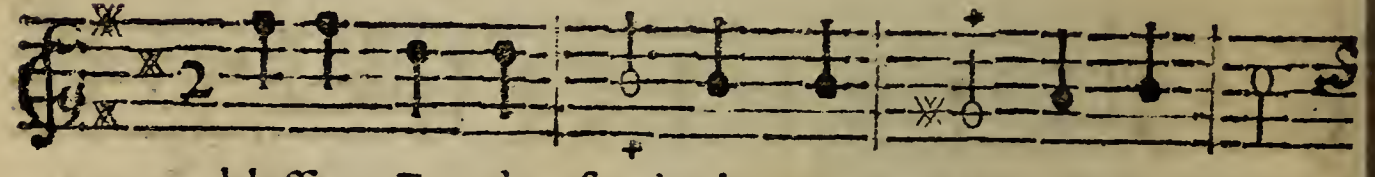
DIANE.

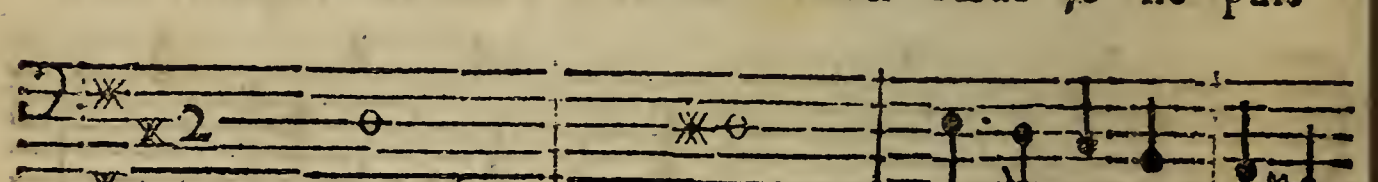


Algr. é.ous mes éforts un trait fatal me

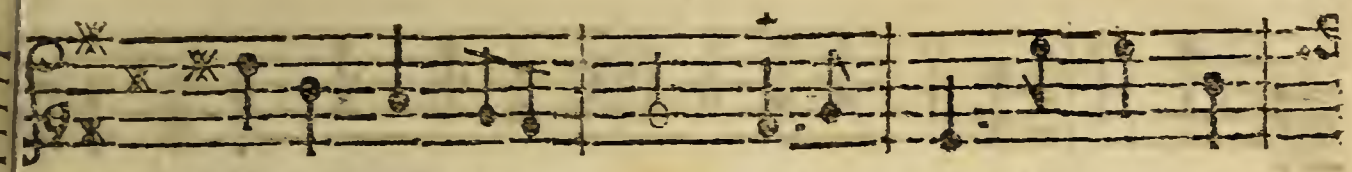


bleſſe, Et du fond de mon cœur je ne puis

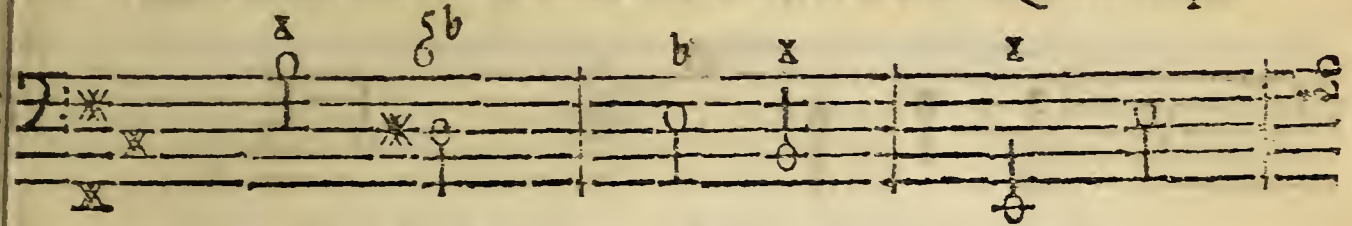


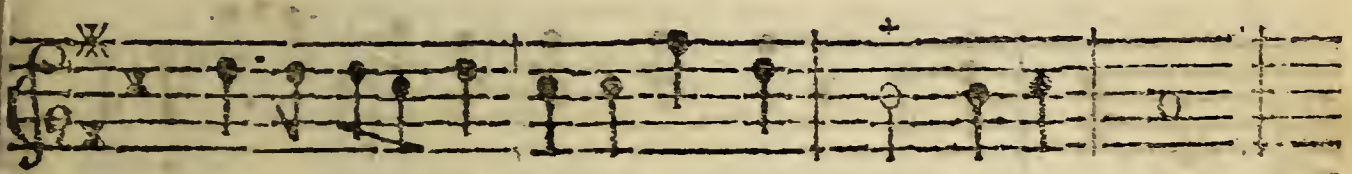


l'arracher, Qui ne peut vaincre ſa foi-

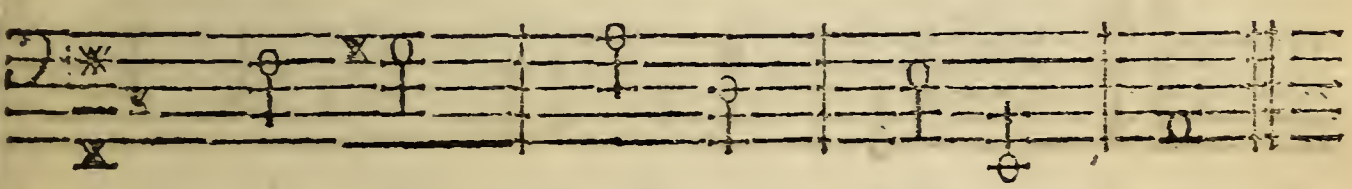


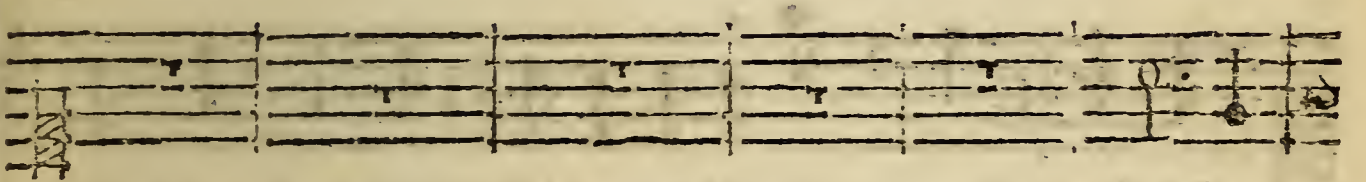
bleſſe Doit au moins la cacher. Qui ne peut



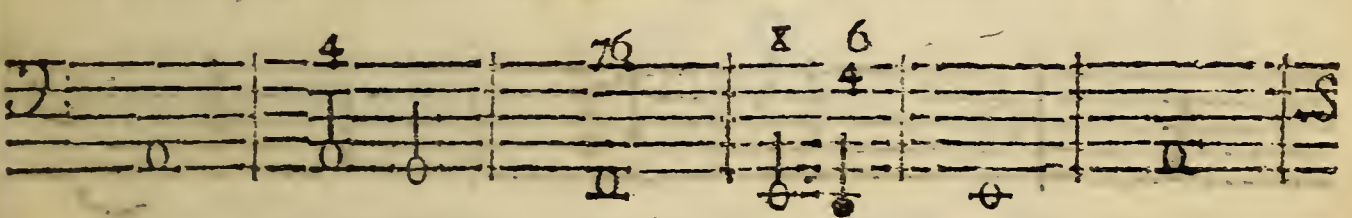


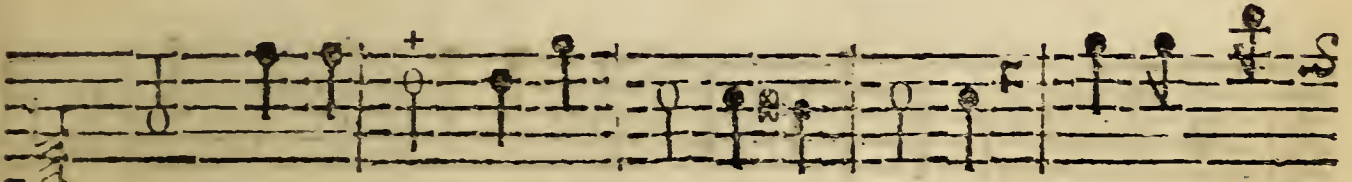
vaincre ſa foibleſſe Doit au moins la cacher.



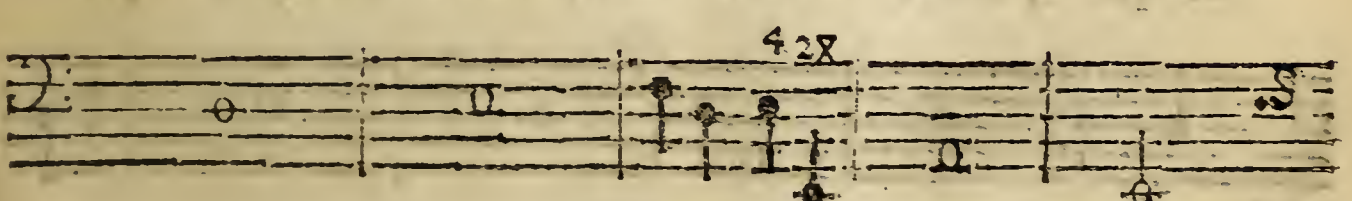


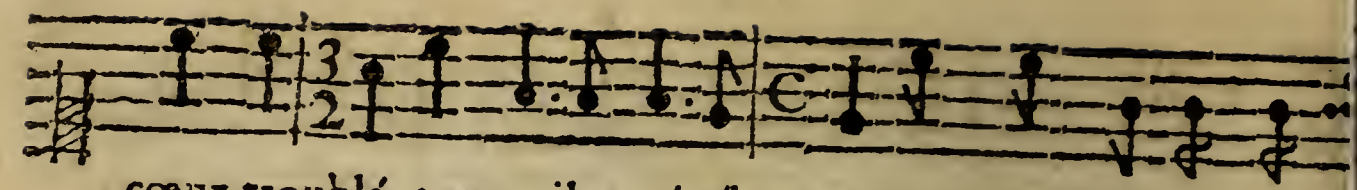
Sombre



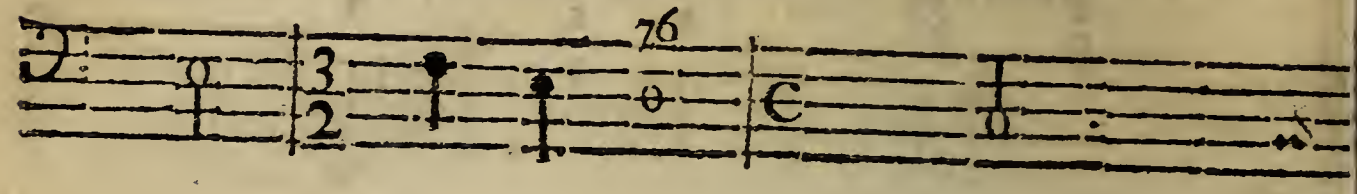


nuit, cache moi s'il ſe peut à moi-même, Prête à mon

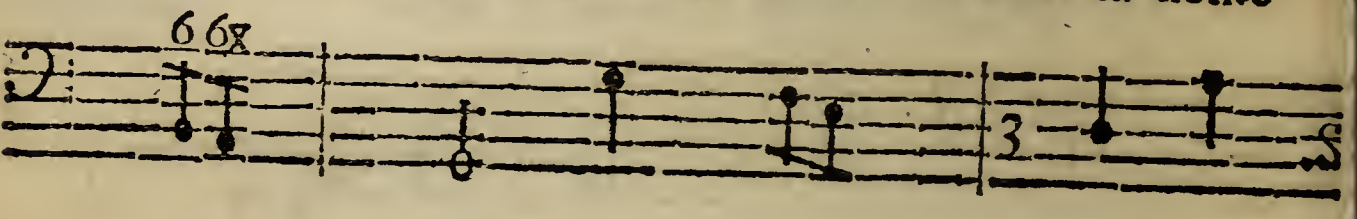




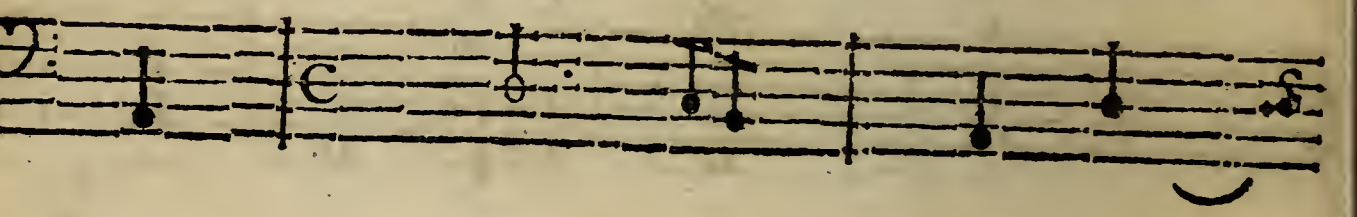
cœur troublé tes voiles ténébreux Pour couvrir ſon deſ-



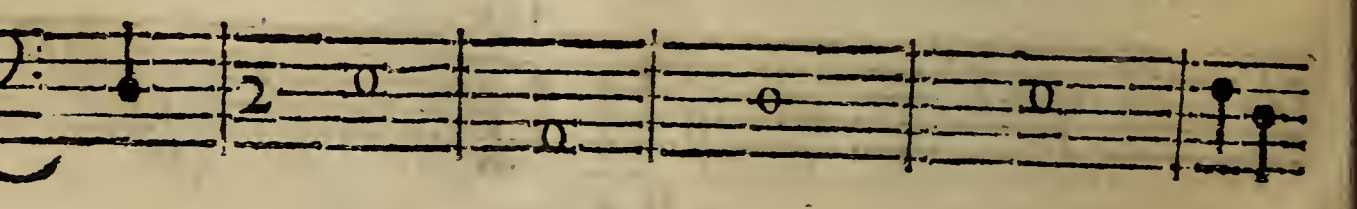
ordre extrême; Cache à tout l'Univers la honte

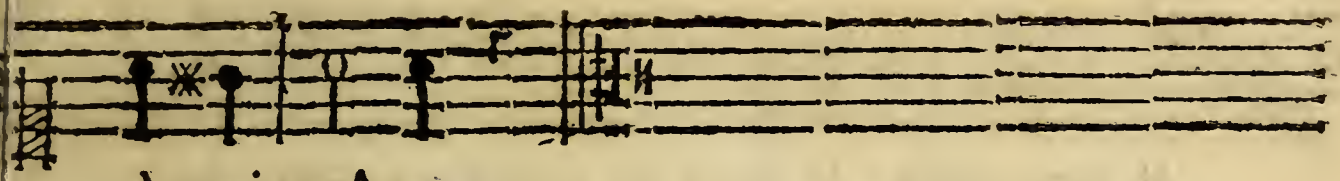


de mes feux, Dérôbe ma foibleſſe aux yeux de

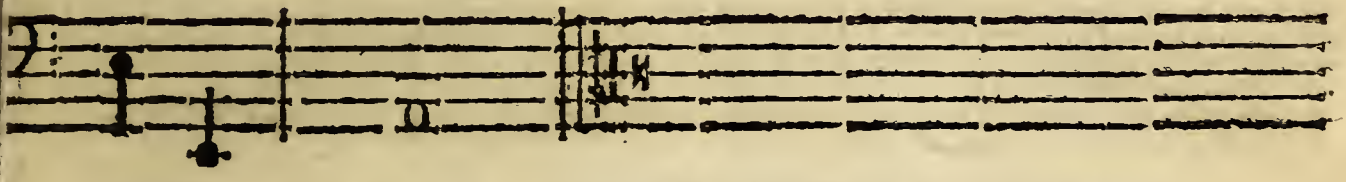


ce que j'aime, Sombre nuit, cache moi s'il ſe peut

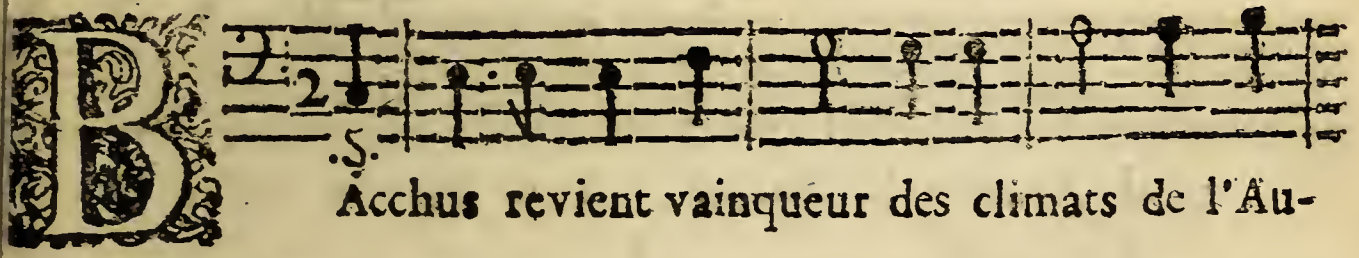




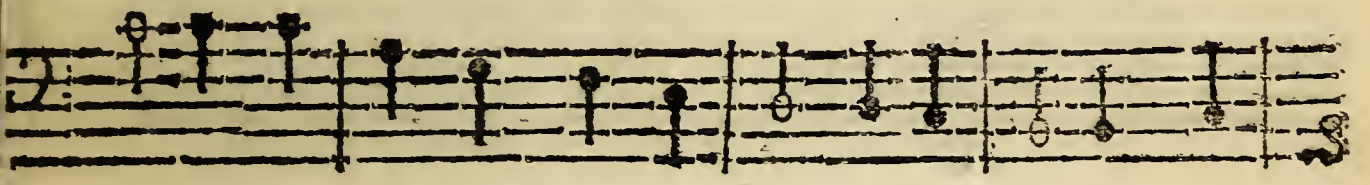
à moi même.



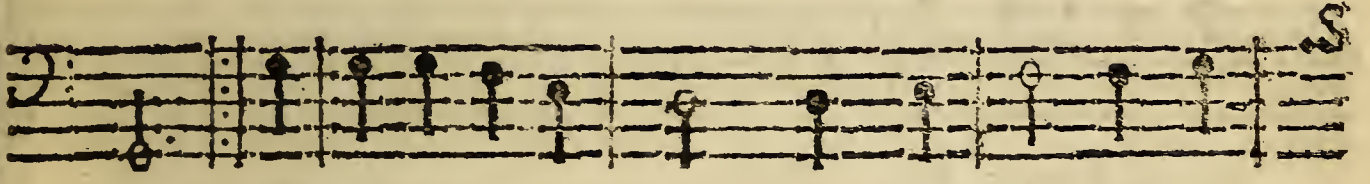
UN INDIEN. *Basse & deux Violons.*



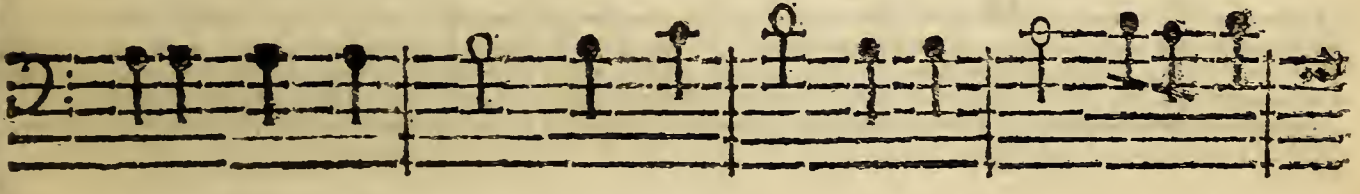
Bacchus revient vainqueur des climats de l'Au-



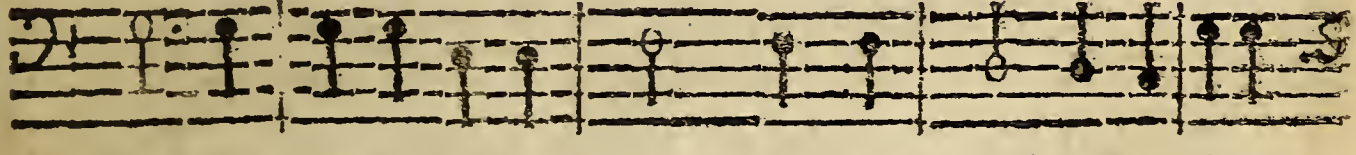
rore, Il traine aprés son char mille Peuples vain-



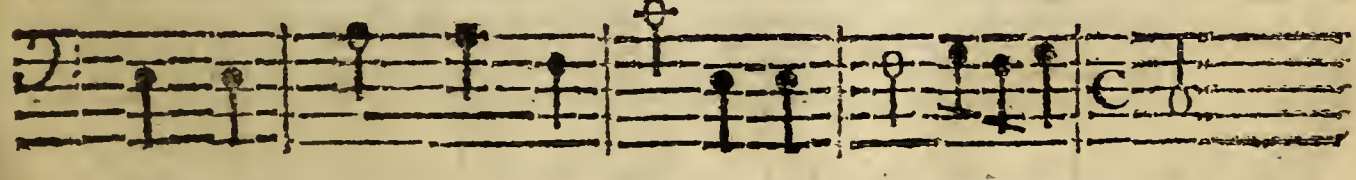
cus: Il mépriſoit l'Amour, mais l'Amour eſt en-



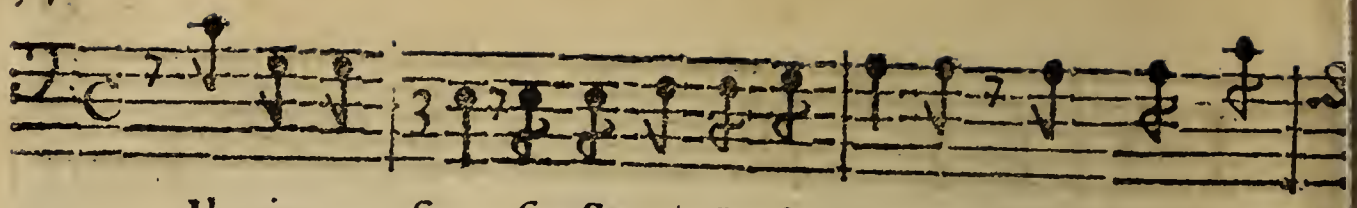
core Un vainqueur plus puiſſant mille fois que Bac-



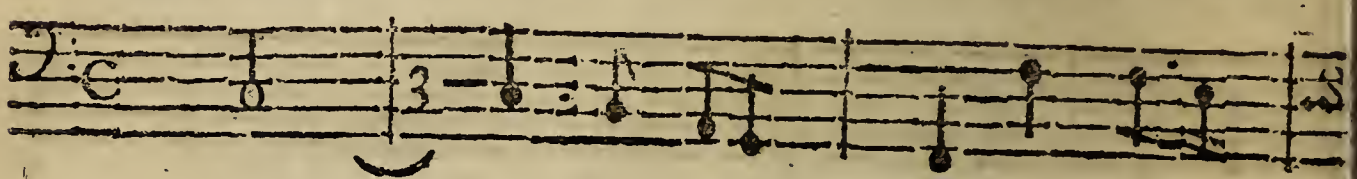
chus, Il mépriſoit l'Amour, mais l'Amour eſt encore

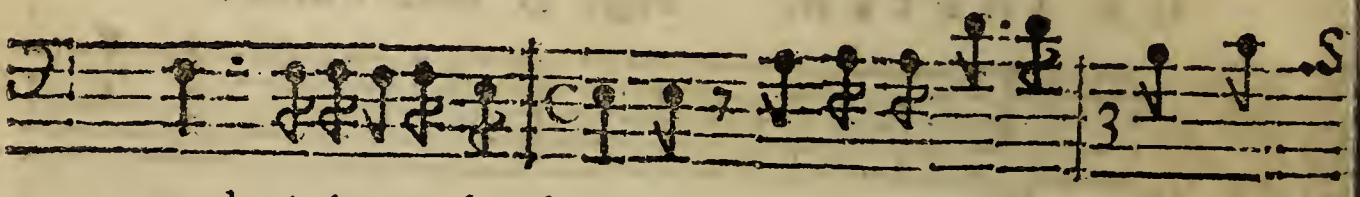


Un vainqueur plus puiſſant mille fois que Bacchus.

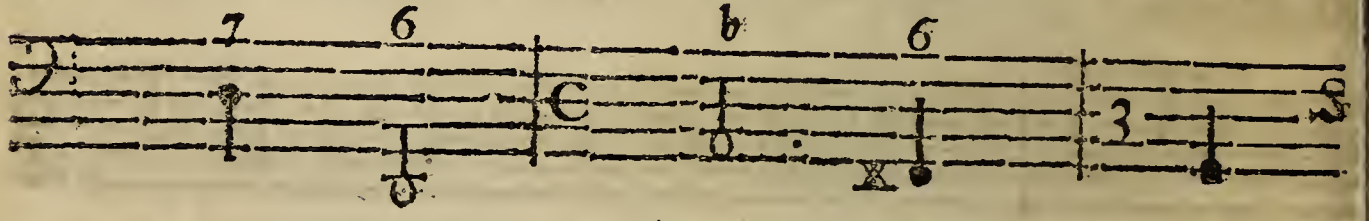


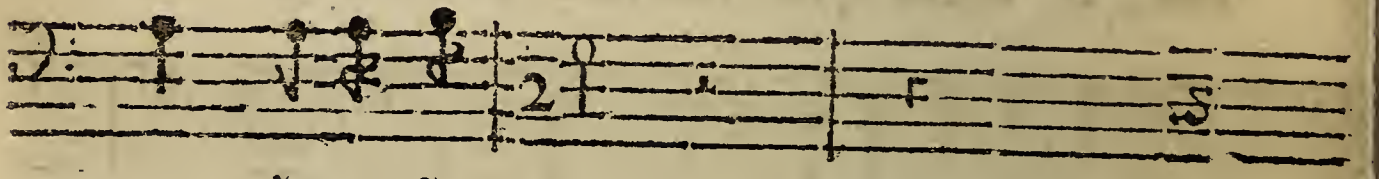
Il aime enfin, ſa fierté ſe deſarme, D'un ſeul re-



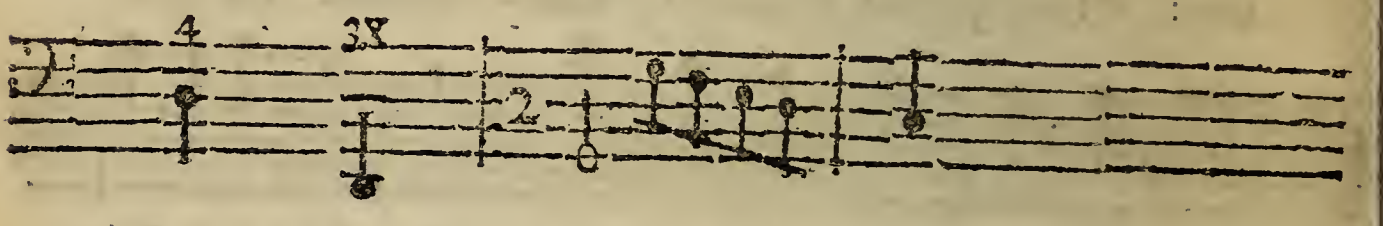


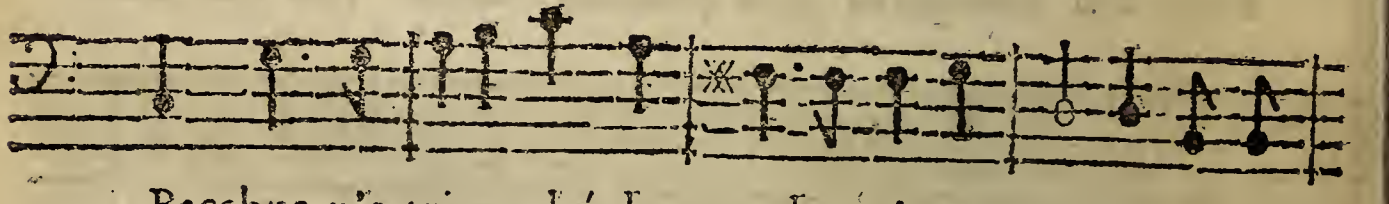
gard Arianne le charme; A ce ſuperbe cœur l'A-



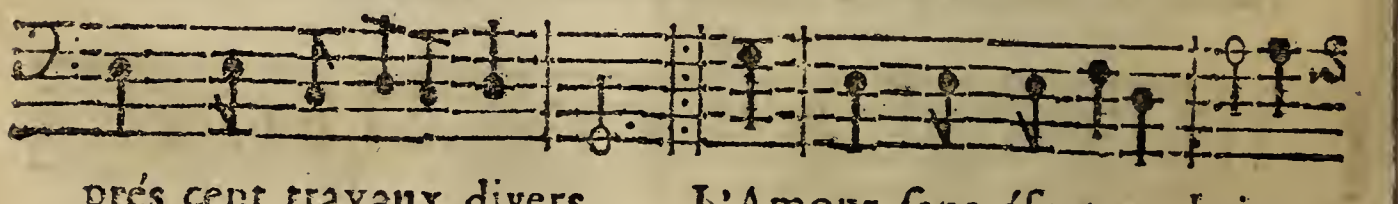


mour donne des fers.



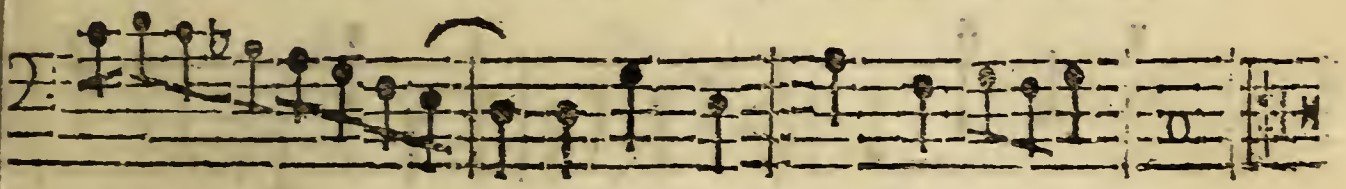


Bacchus n'a triomphé du monde qu'avec peine, Et qu'a-



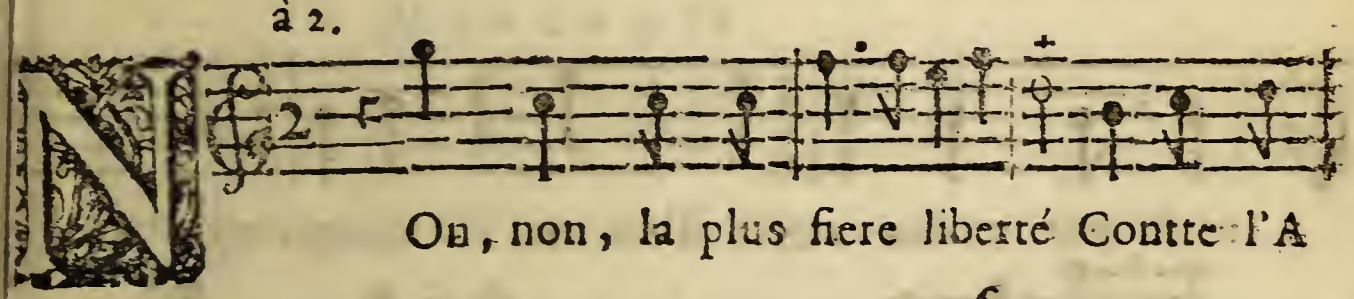
prés cent travaux divers, L'Amour ſans éfort enchaine

Le vainqueur de l'U- nivers. L'Amour ſans éfort en-

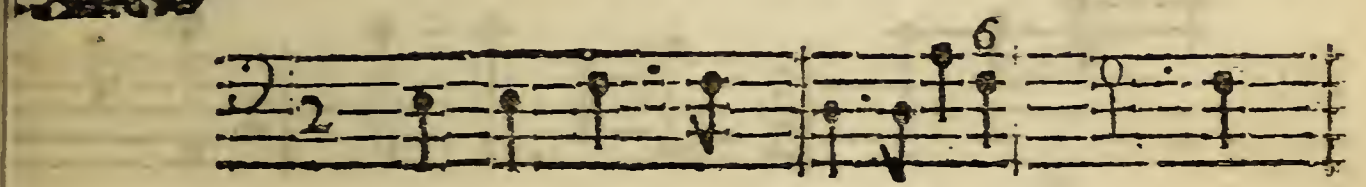


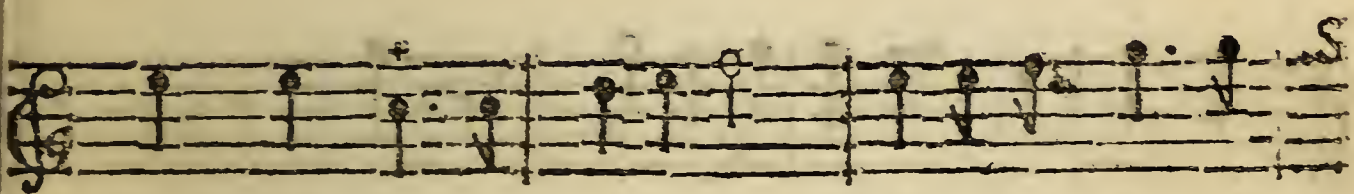
chaî- ne Le vainqueur de l'Univers.

à 2.

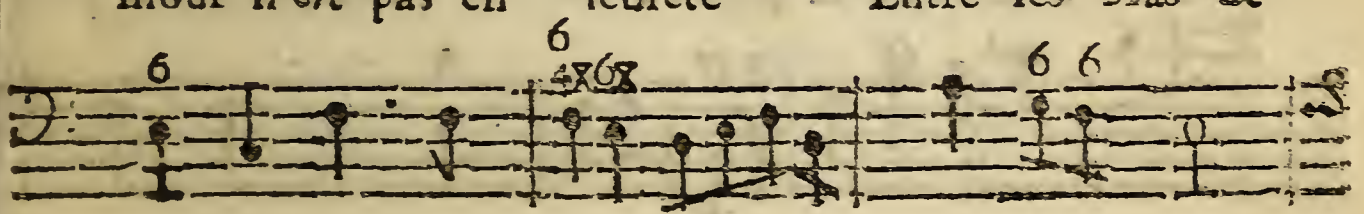


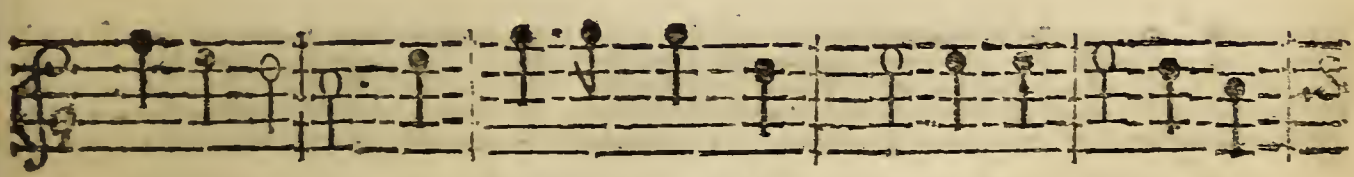
On, non, la plus fiere liberté Contte l'A



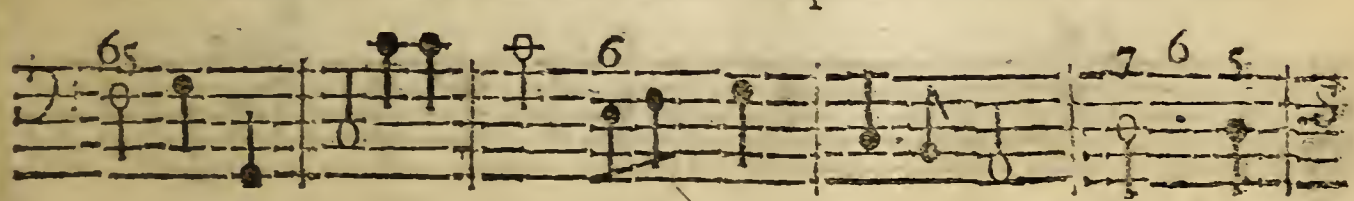


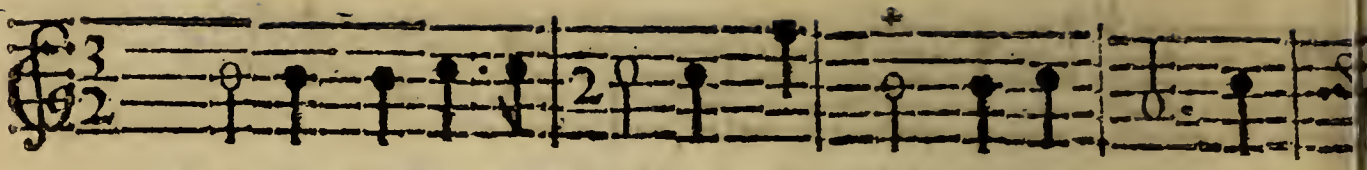
mour n'eſt pas en ſeureté Entre les bras de



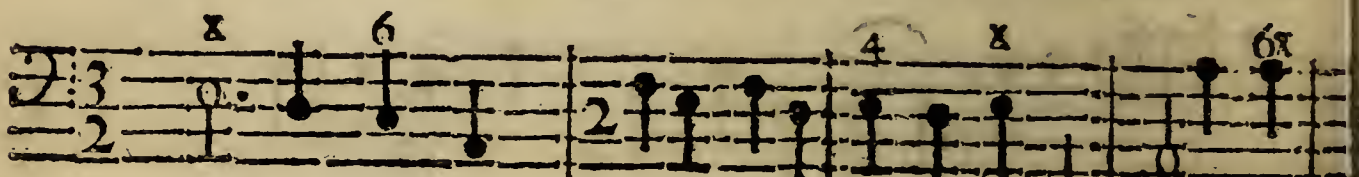


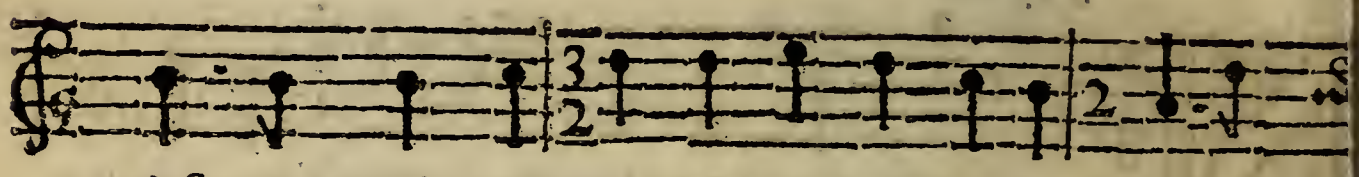
la victoire. L'éclat de mille exploits d'éternelle mé-



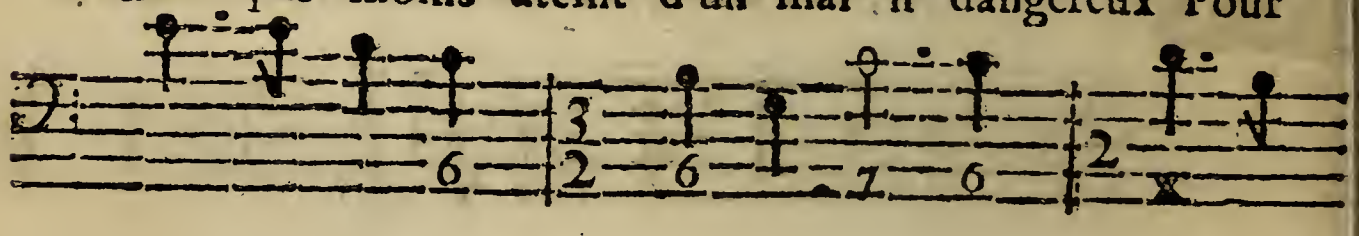


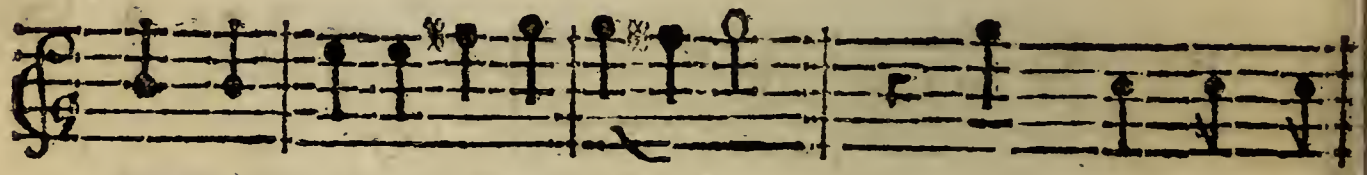
moire N'éxemte pas des tourmens amoureux, On



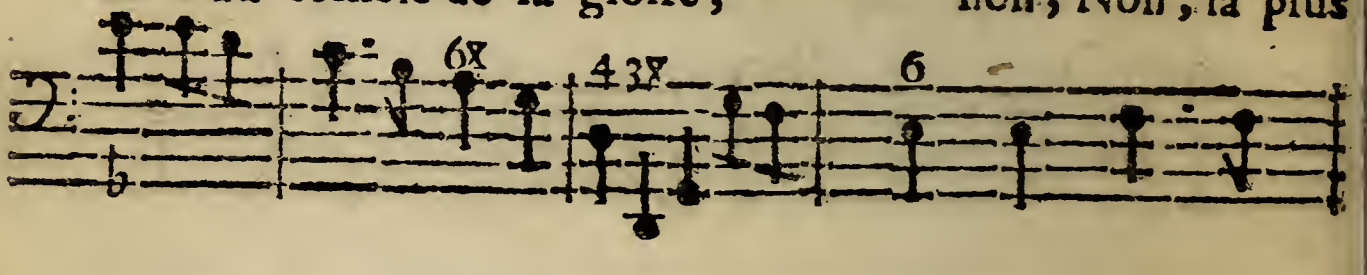


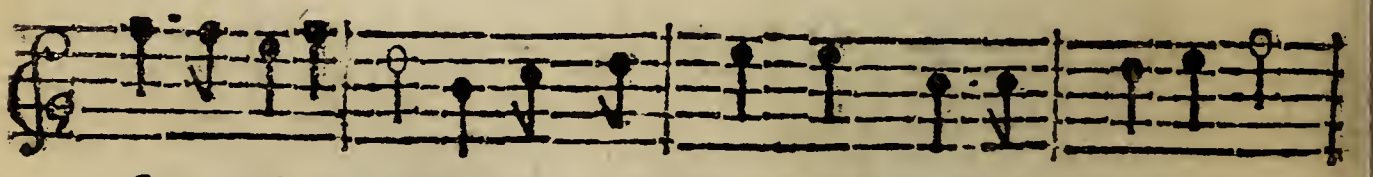
n'eſt pas moins ateint d'un mal ſi dangereux Pour



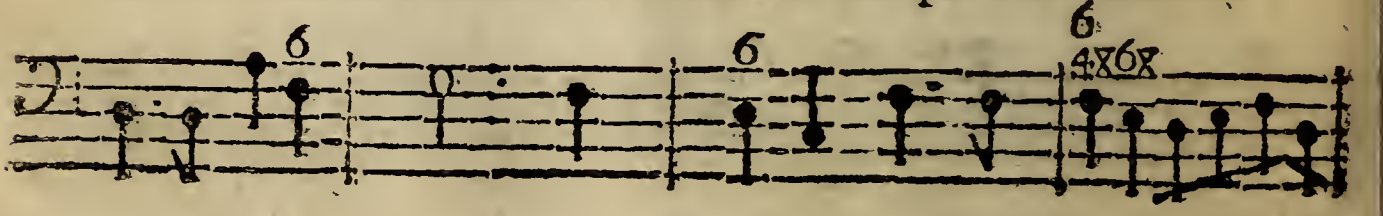


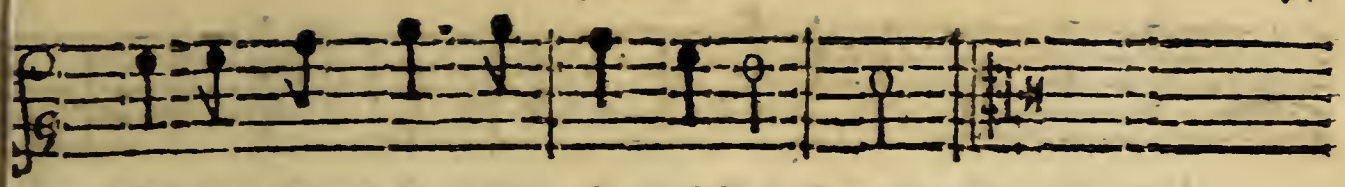
être au comble de la gloire; non, Non, la plus



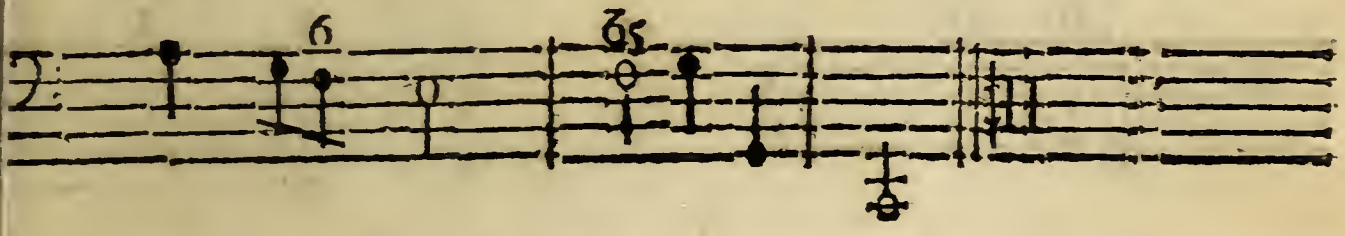


fiere liberté Contre l'Amour n'eſt pas en ſeureté

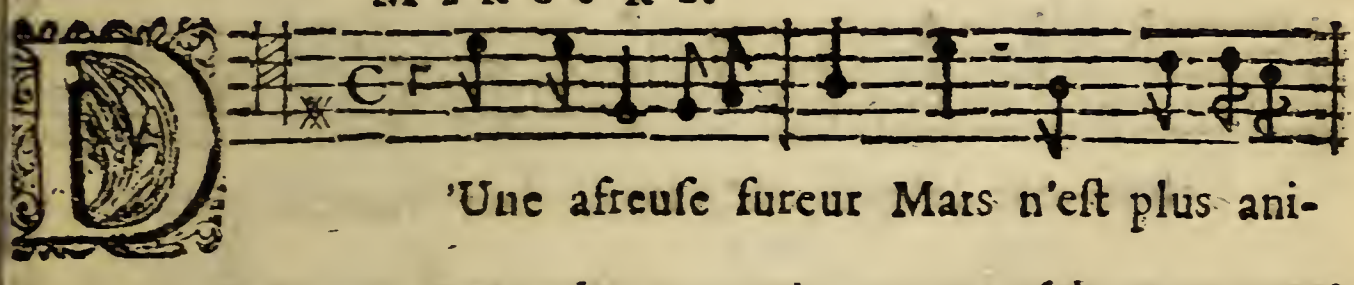




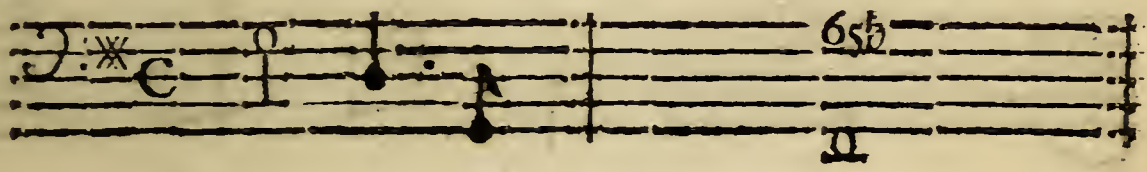
Entre les bras de la victoi- re.

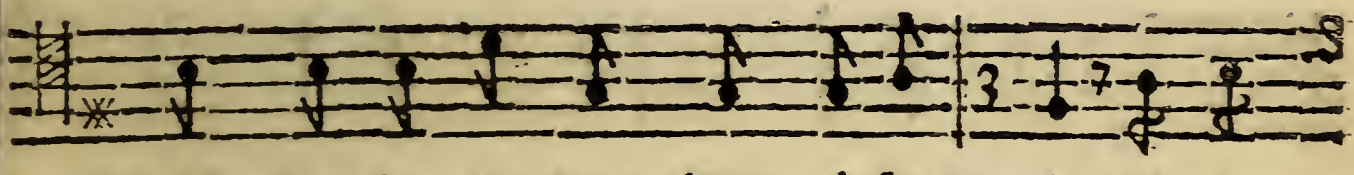


MERCURE.

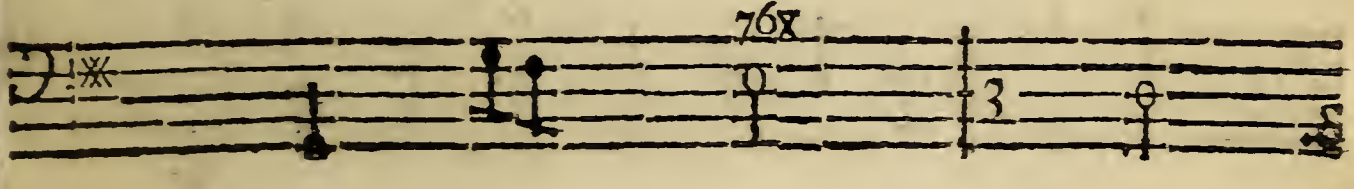


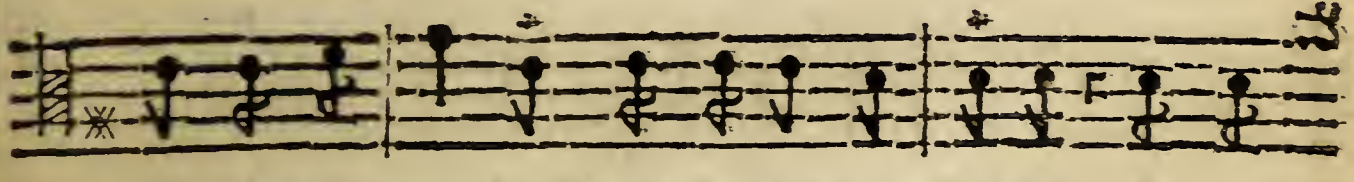
'Une affreuſe fureur Mars n'eſt plus ani-



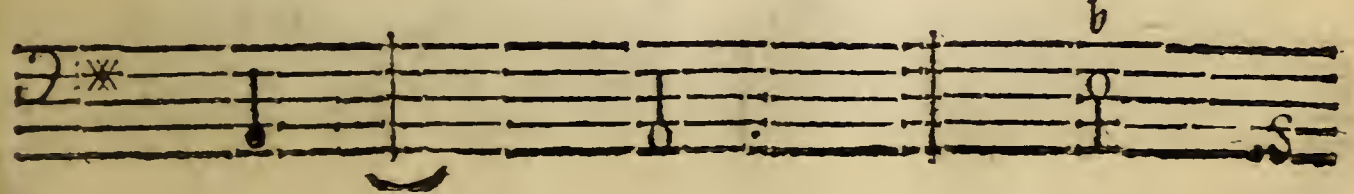


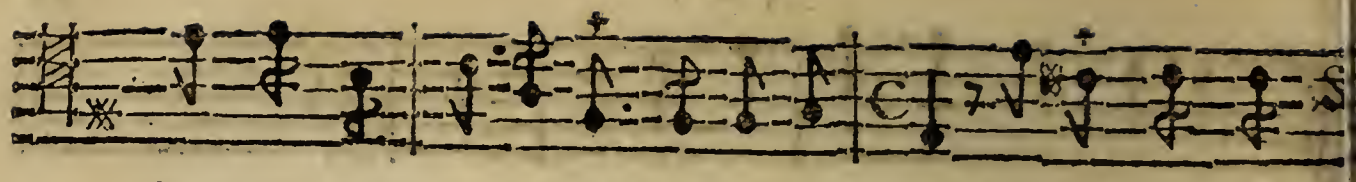
mé, Et les Amours l'ont deſar- mé; Amphi-



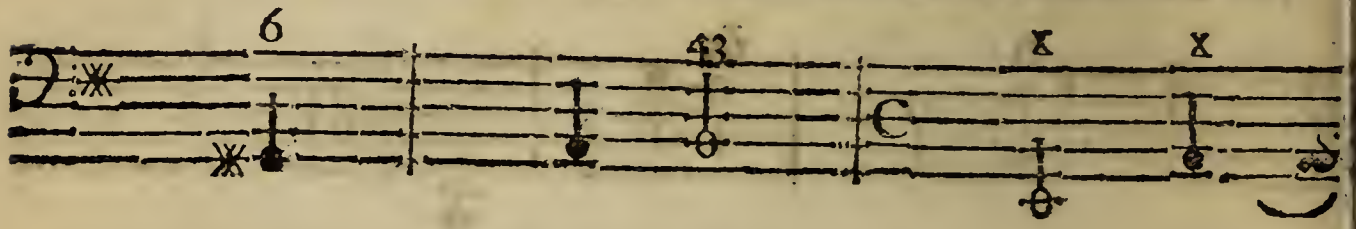


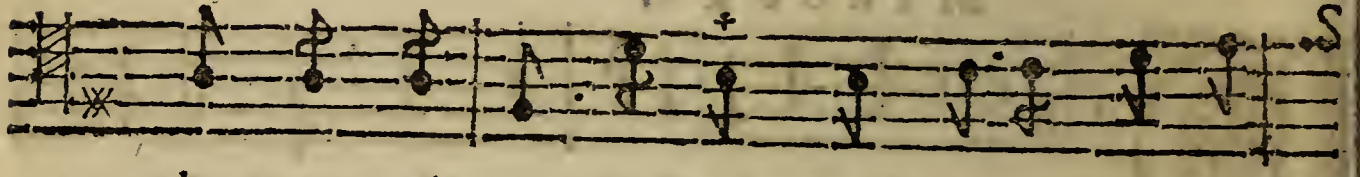
trite à ſon tour brûle au milieu de l'onde; Au mi-



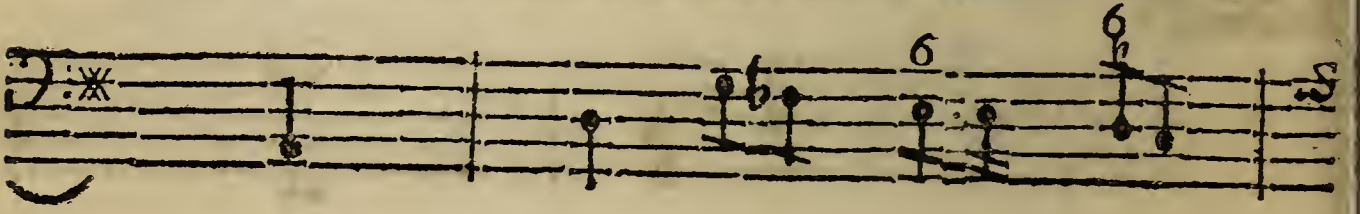


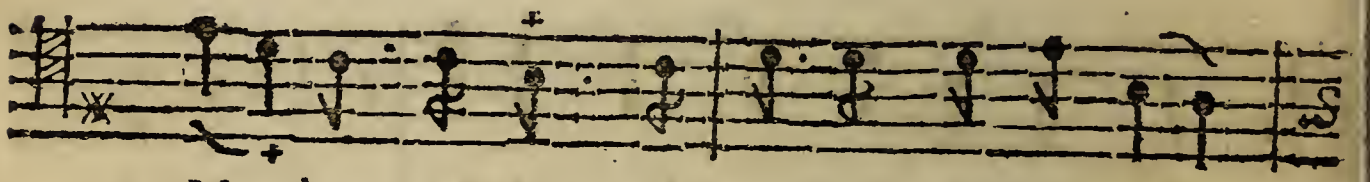
lieu des glaçons Borée eſt enflà- mé; Diane & Bac-



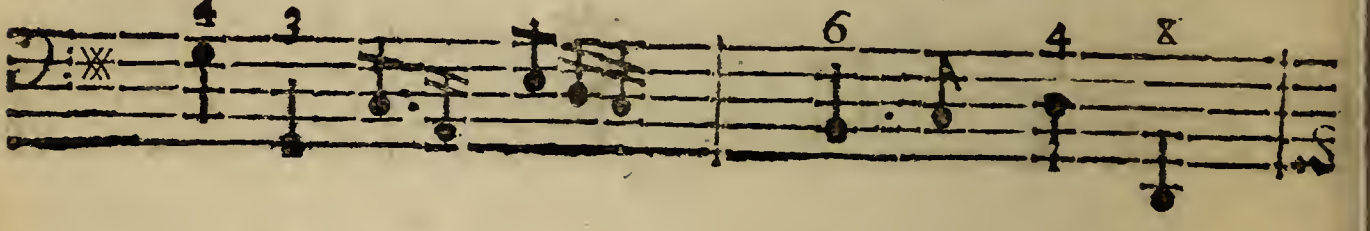


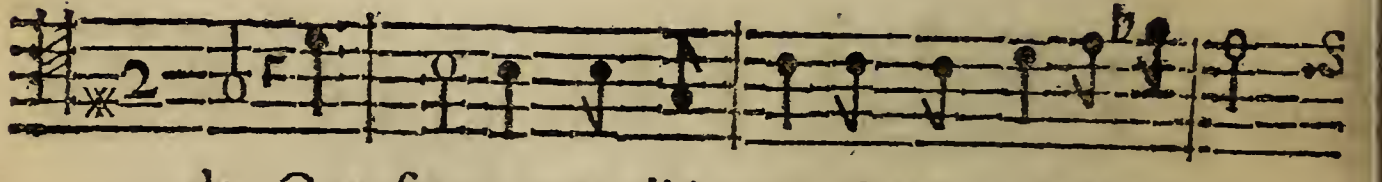
chus ont aimez; L'Amour doit vaincre tout le



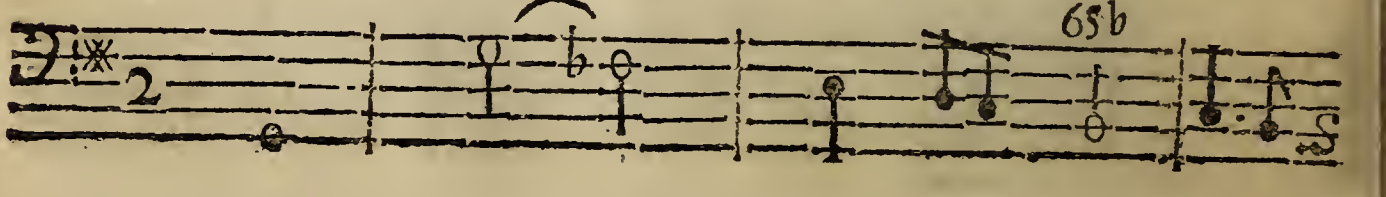


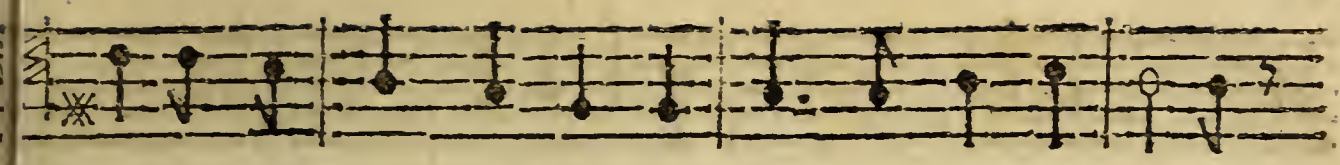
Monde. L'Amour doit vaincre tout le Mon-



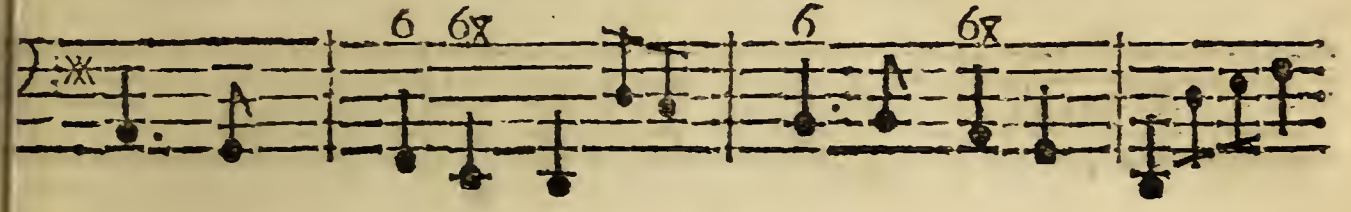


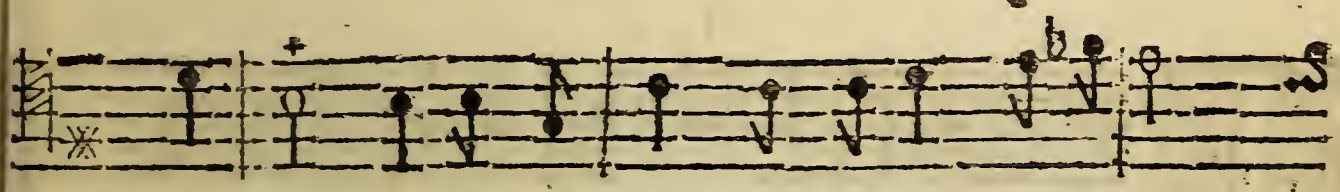
de. Que ſert contre l'Amour de s'armer de fierté?



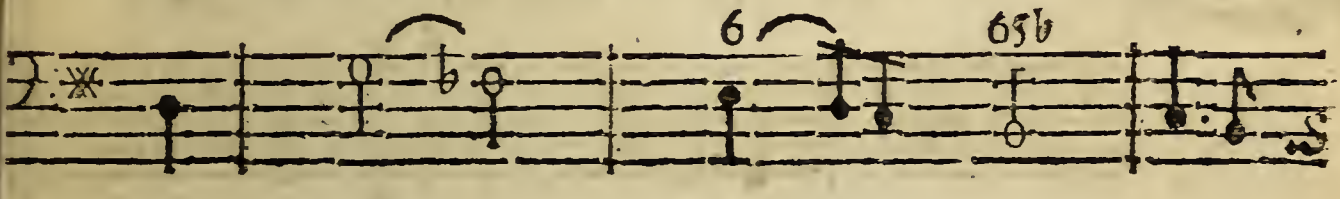


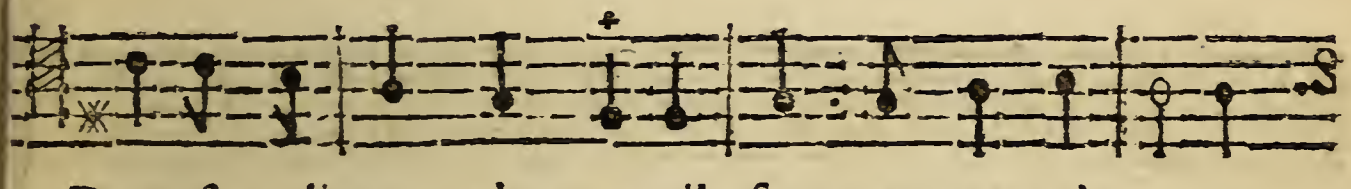
Dans ſes liens charmans il faut que tout s'engage;



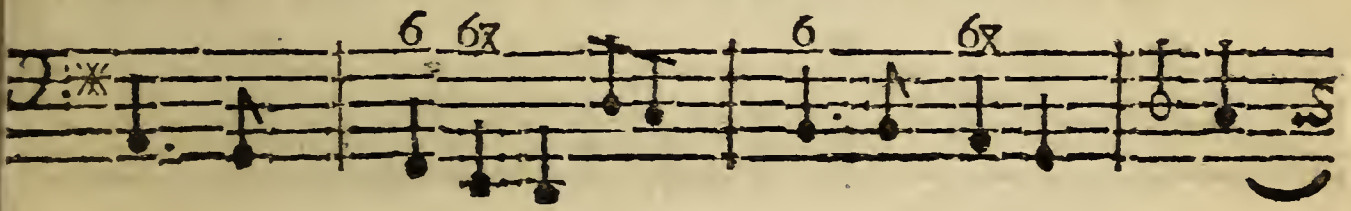


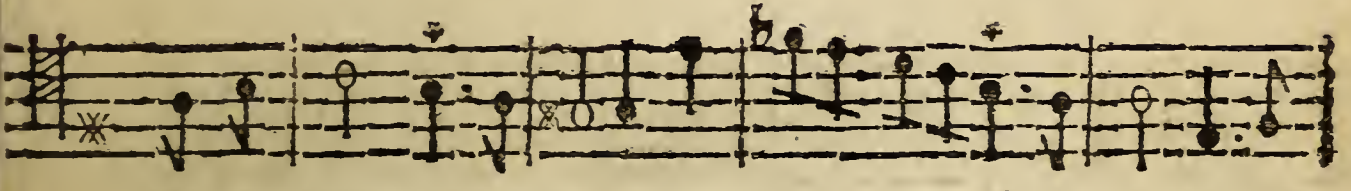
Que ſert contre l'Amour de s'armer de fierté?



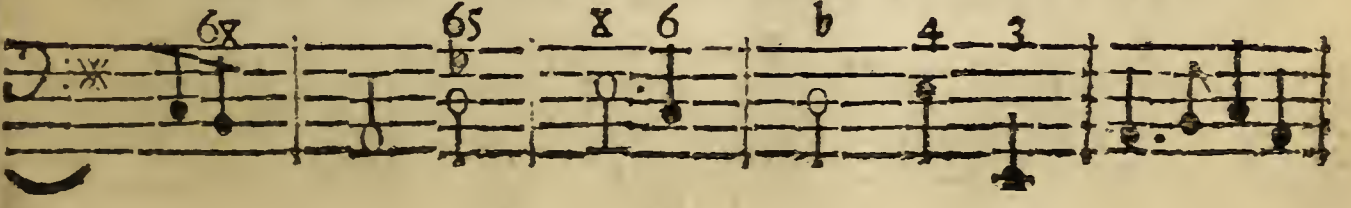


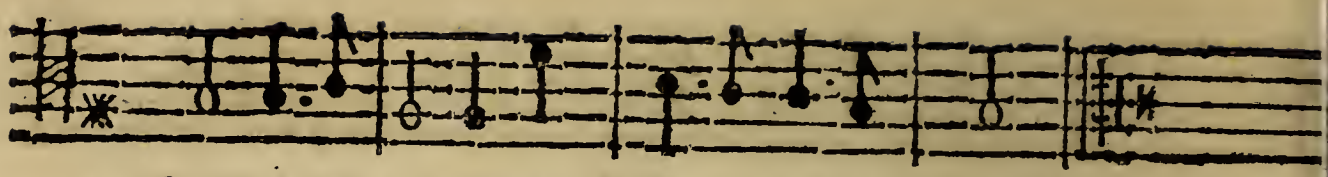
Dans ſes liens charmans il faut que tout s'engage;



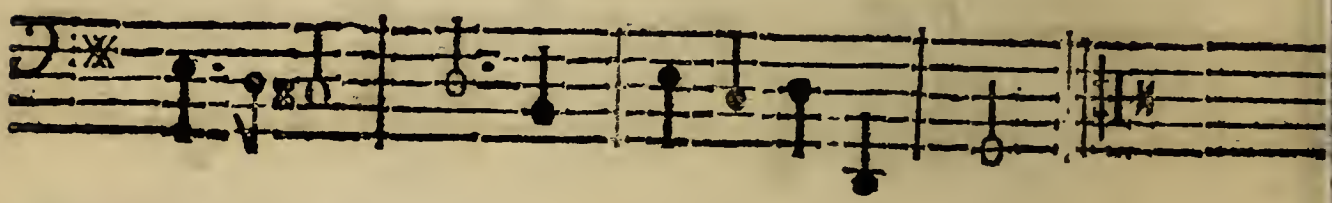


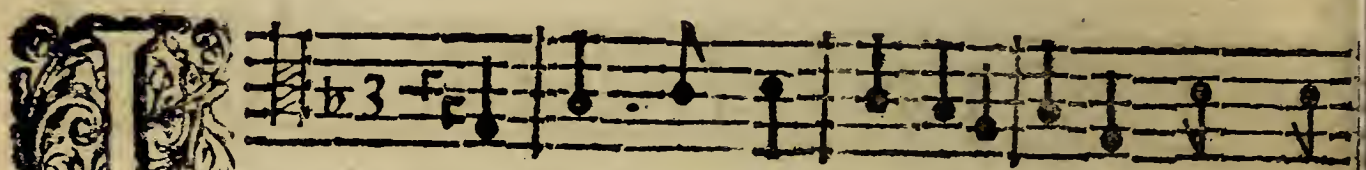
Un ſi doux eſclavage Vaut bien la liber- té. Un ſi



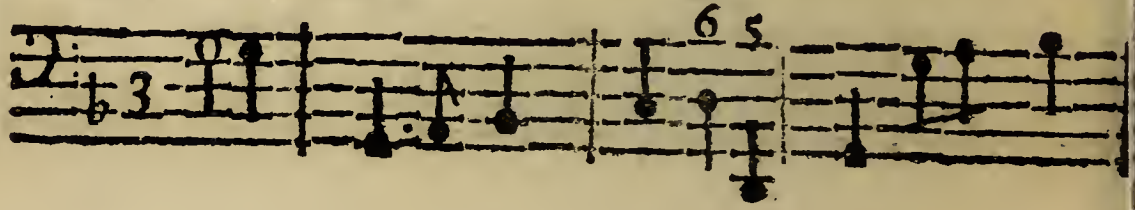


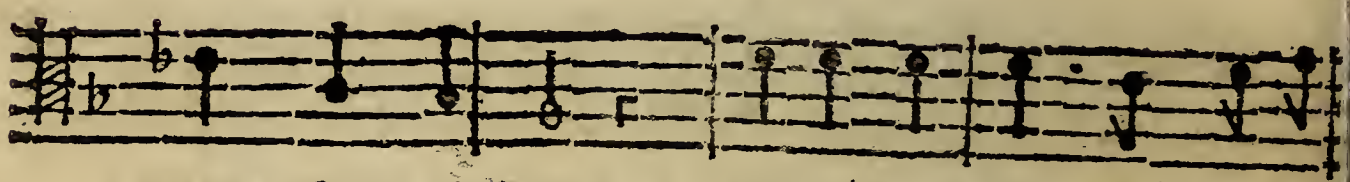
doux eſclavage Vaut bien la libert- é.



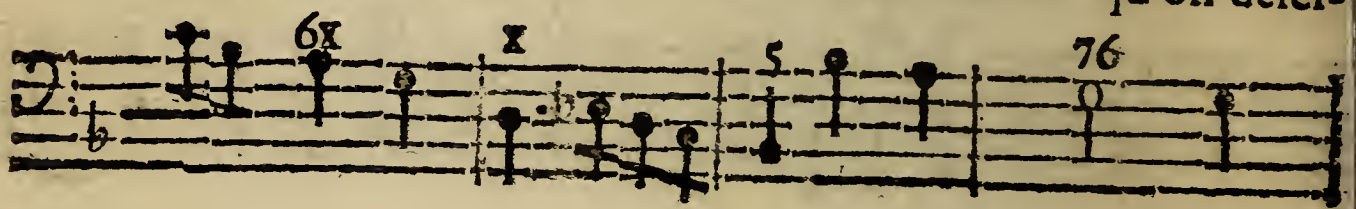


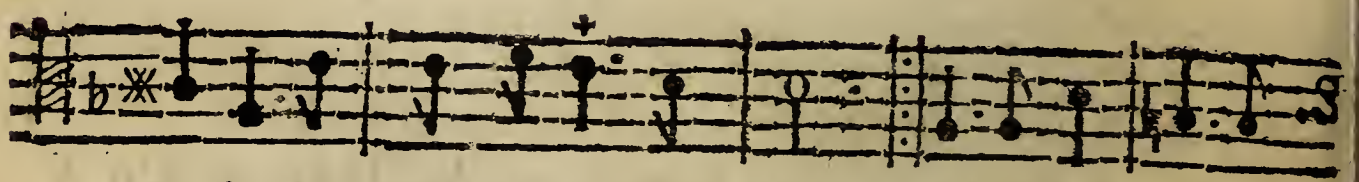
Il faut qu'un Amant perſévére Quand ſes



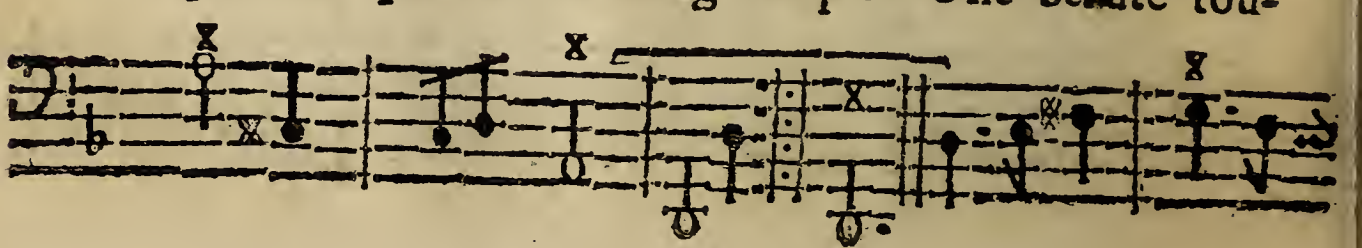


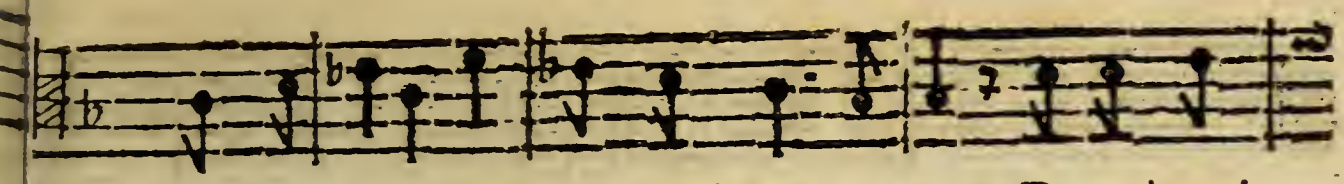
vœux ſont contens, Mais une amour qu'on deſeſ-



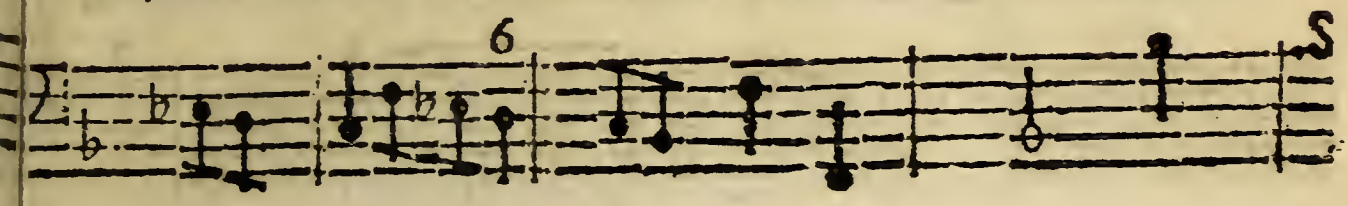


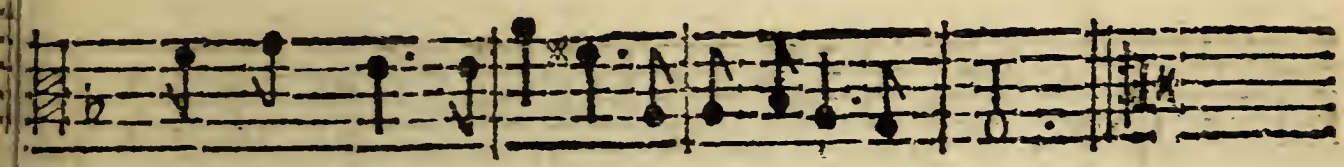
pére Ne peut durer long temps. Une beauté toû-



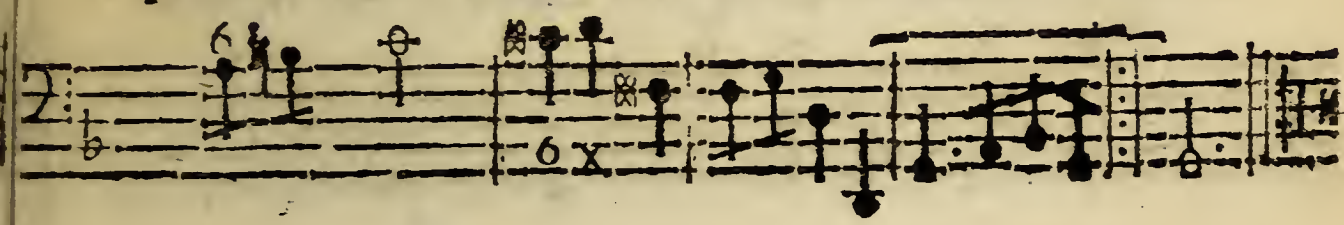


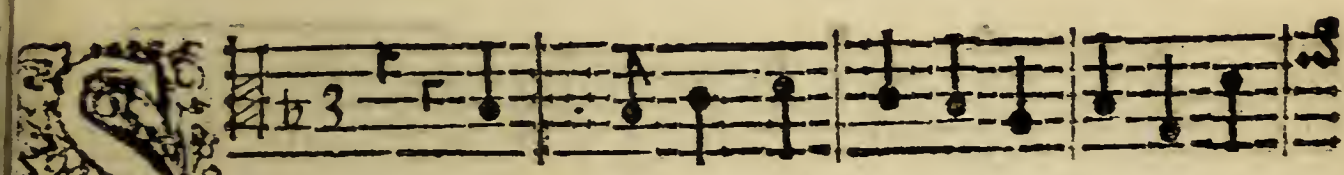
jours cruëlle Perd ſes plus doux apas, Et qui mé-



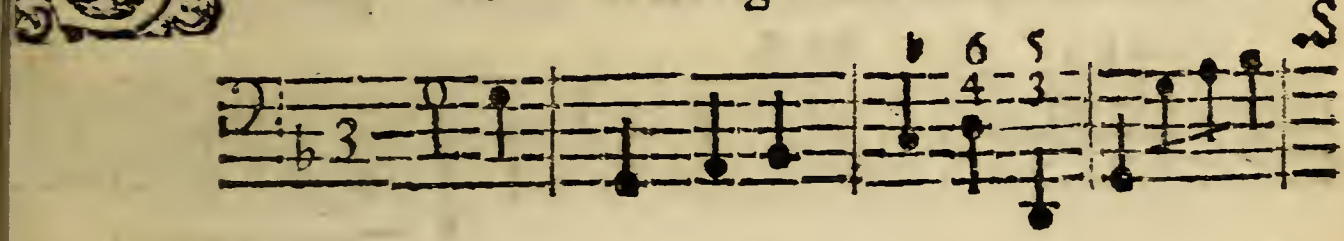


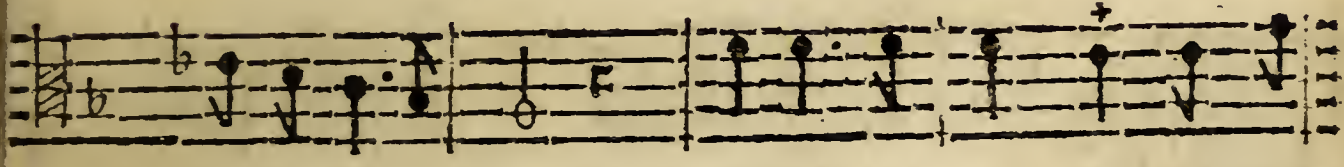
priſe un cœur fidelle Ne le mérite pas.



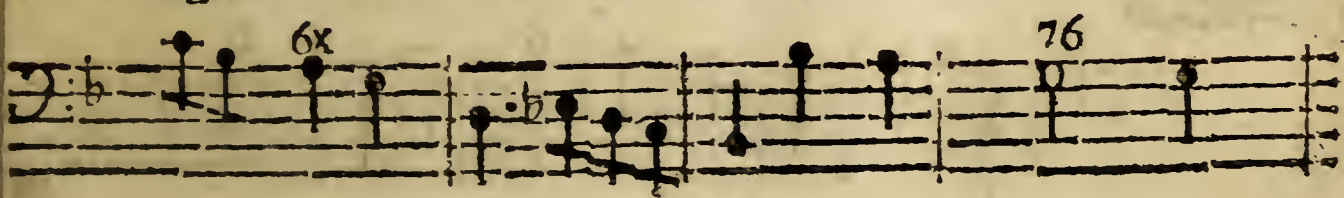


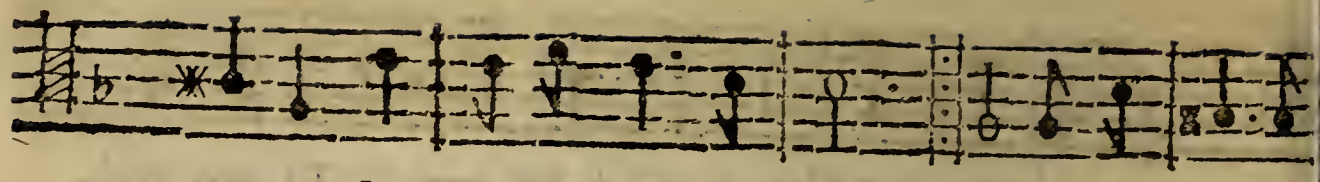
I le changement vous offenſe Chan-



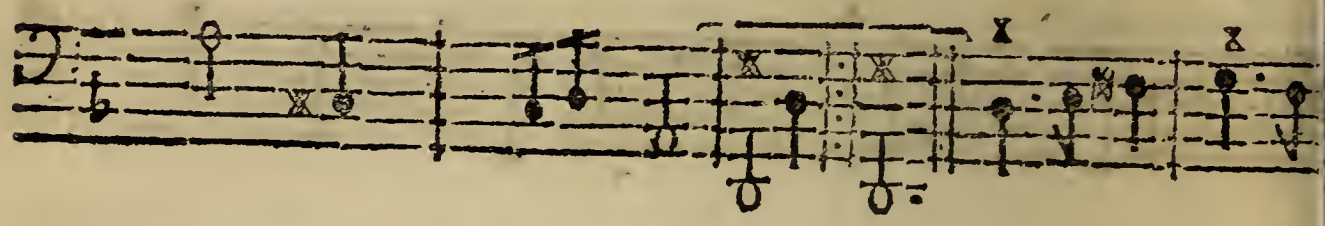


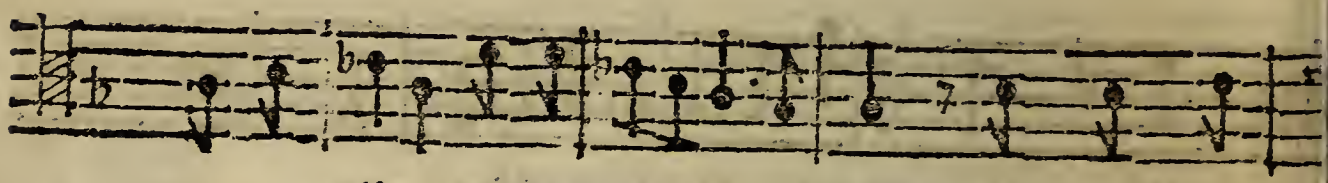
gez à vôtre tour, Ne cherchez point d'autre ven-



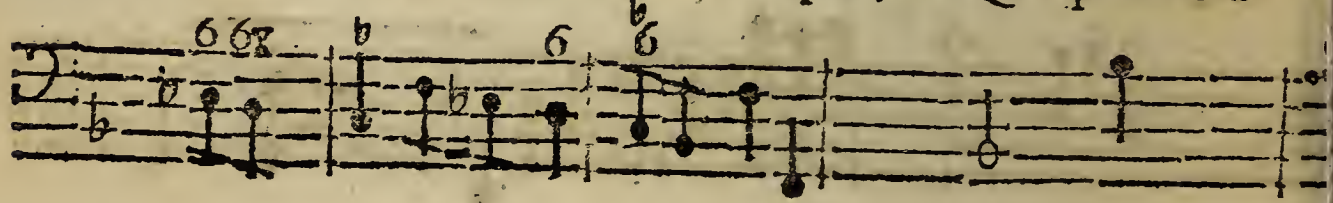


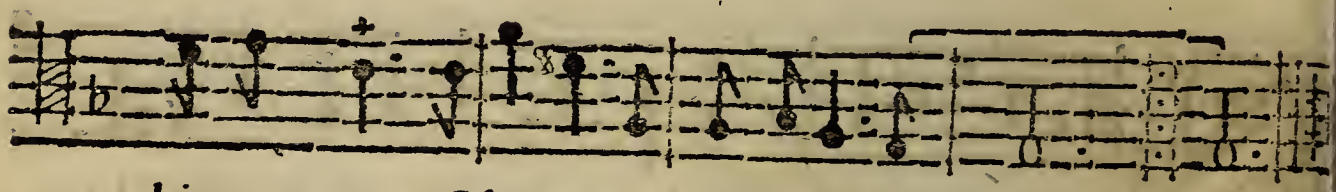
geance Qu'une nouvelle amour. Si la vo- lage



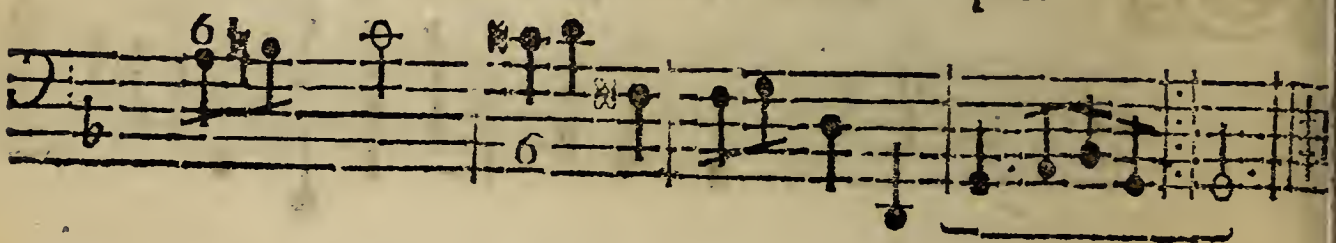


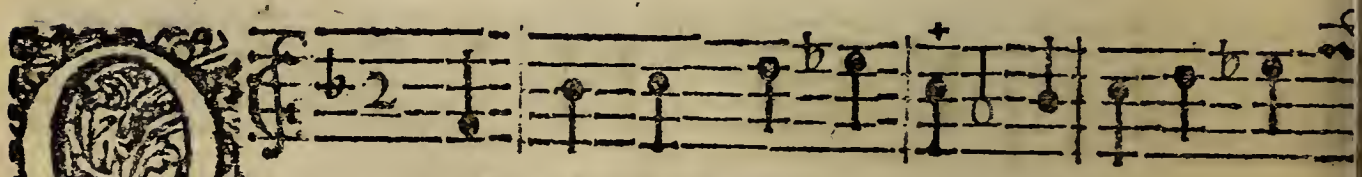
vous rapelle, Mépriſez ſes apas; Qui peut tra-



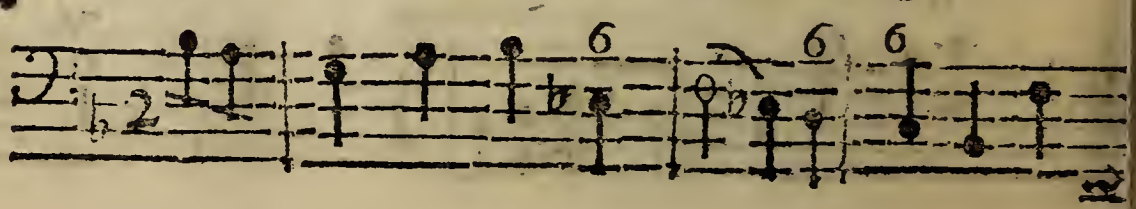


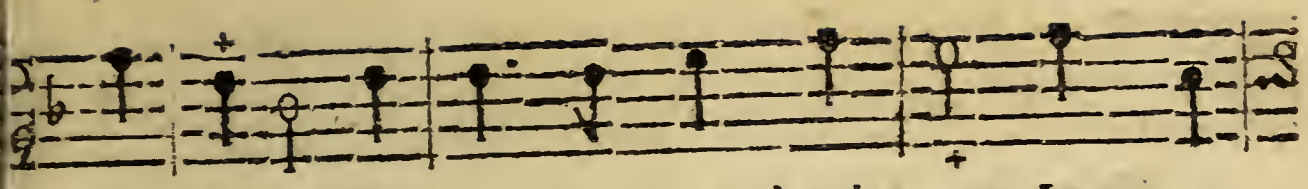
hir un cœur fidelle Ne le mérite pas.



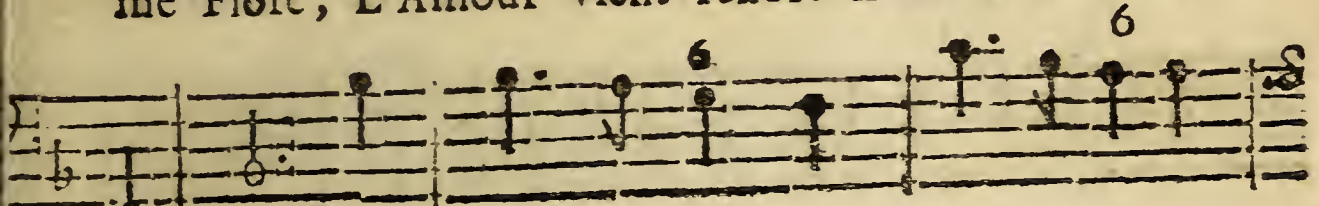


Ue des fleurs vont éclore! Le Zephire ai-

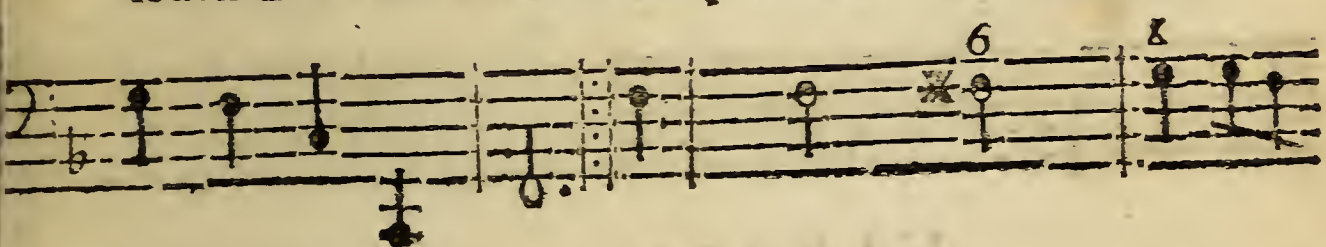




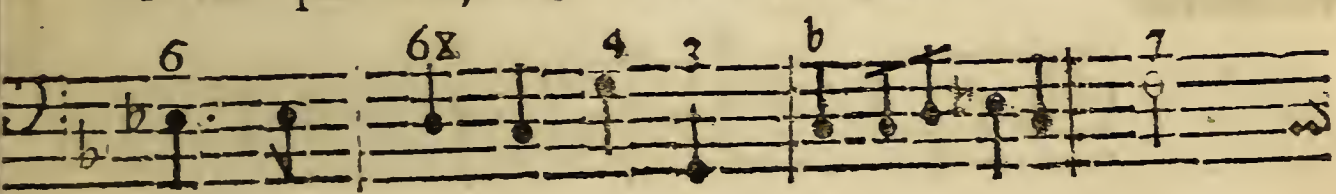
me Flore; L'Amour vient rendre heureux Les cœurs



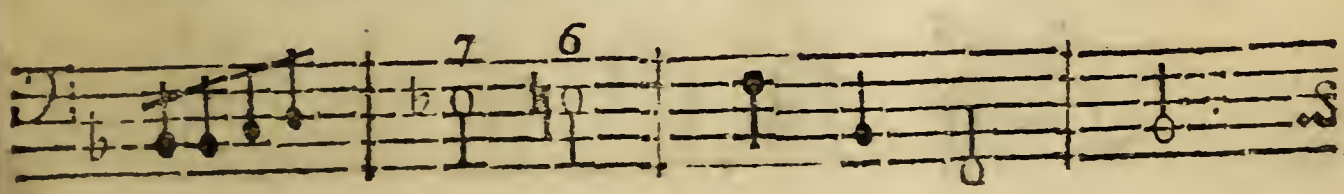
touchez de ſes feux. Nos plus charmans Bocages

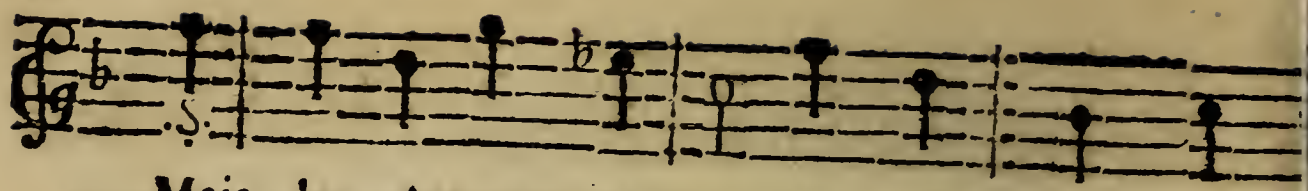


N'ont pas toûjours leurs feuillages, Mais les A-

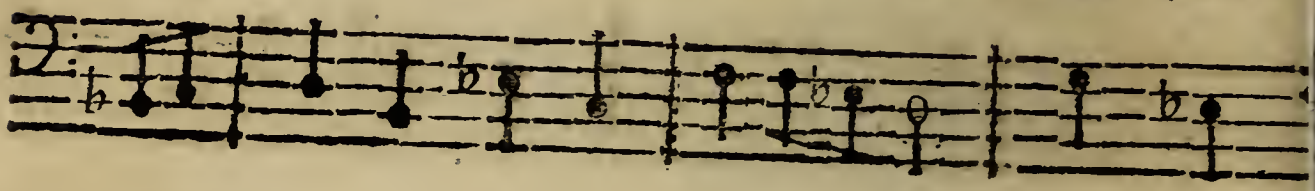


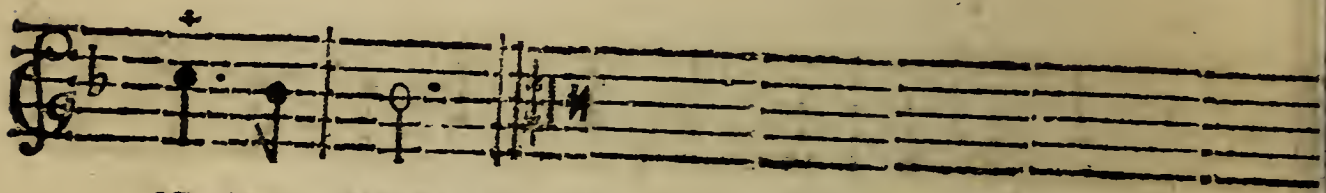
mants contens Ont de beaux jours en tout temps.



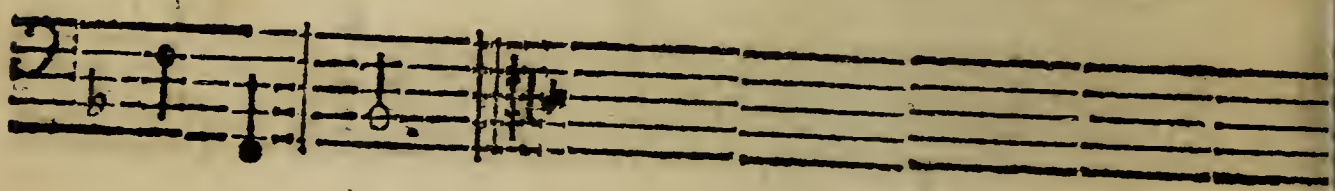


Mais les Amants contens Ont de beaux jours

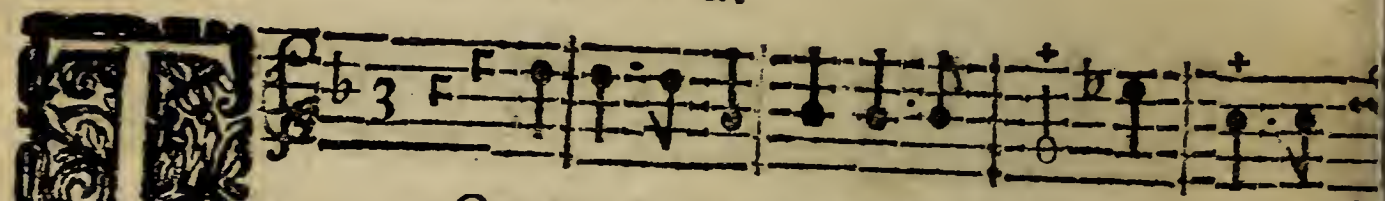




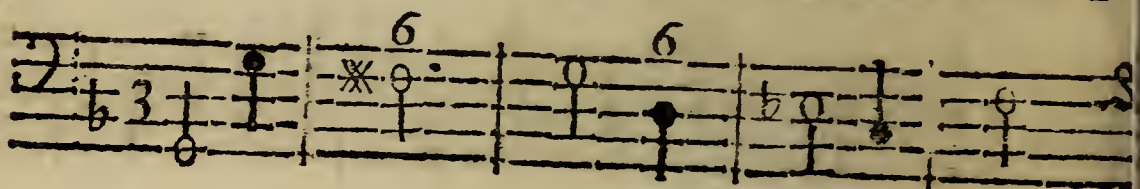
en tout temps.

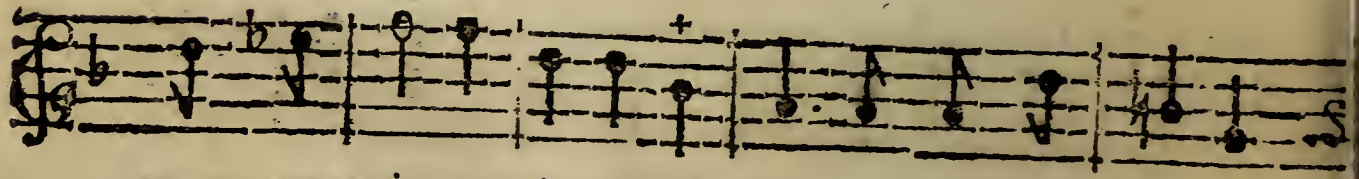


L'AMOUR.

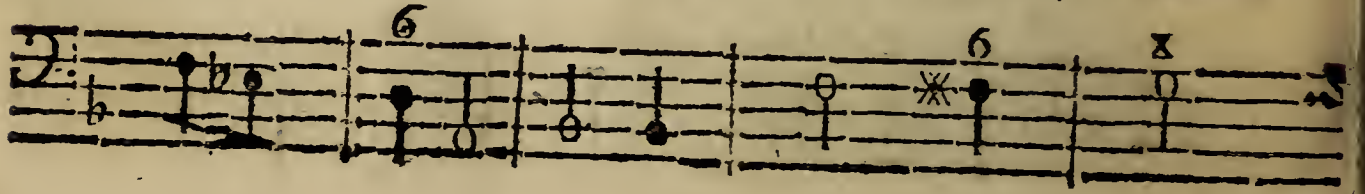


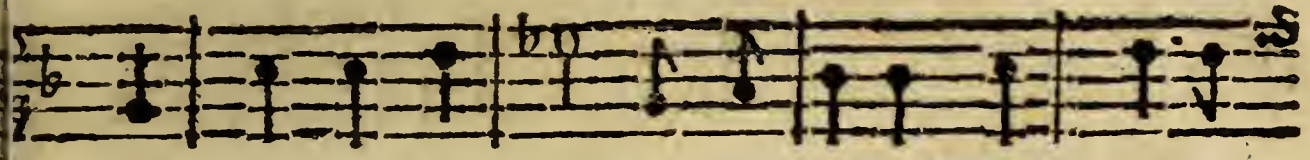
Out ce que j'attaque se rend ? Tout cede à



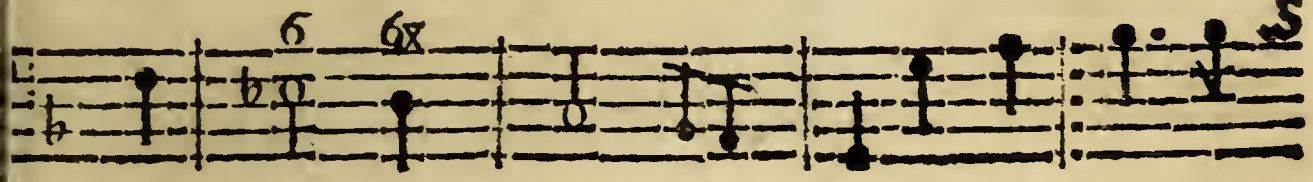


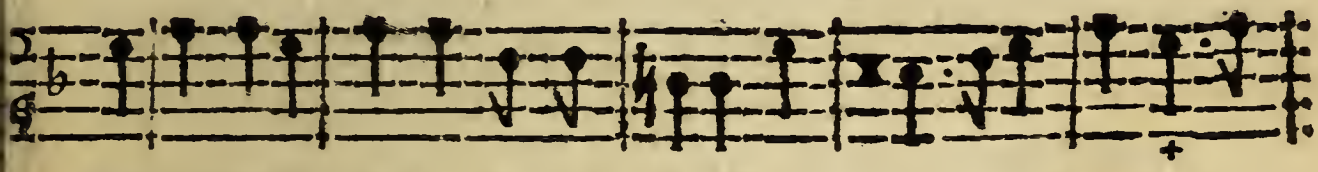
mon pouvoir extrême ; J'enchaîne quand je veux le



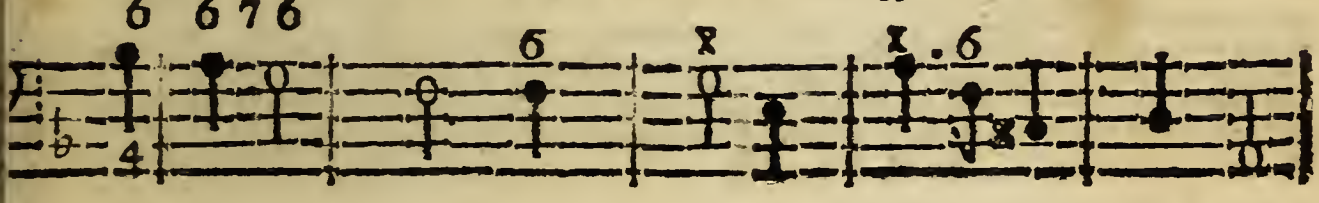


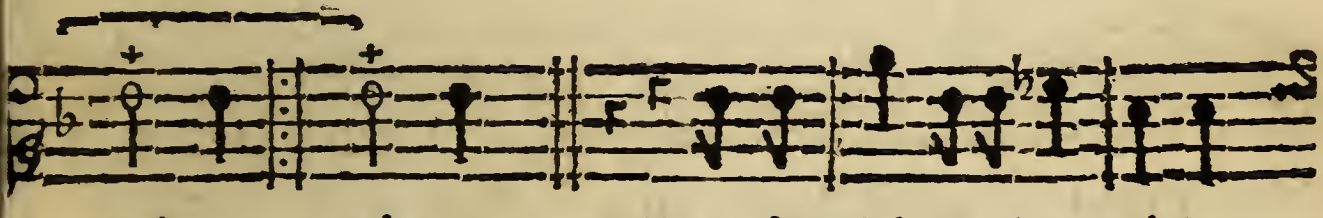
plus fier Conquerant, Et j'abaiſſe à mon gré la



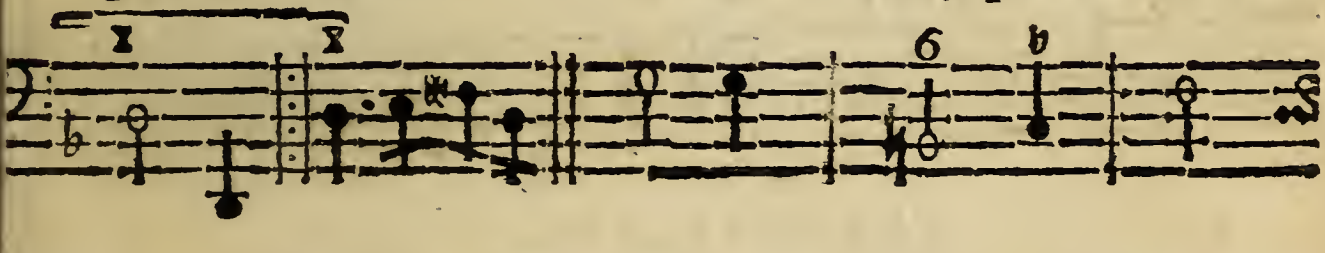


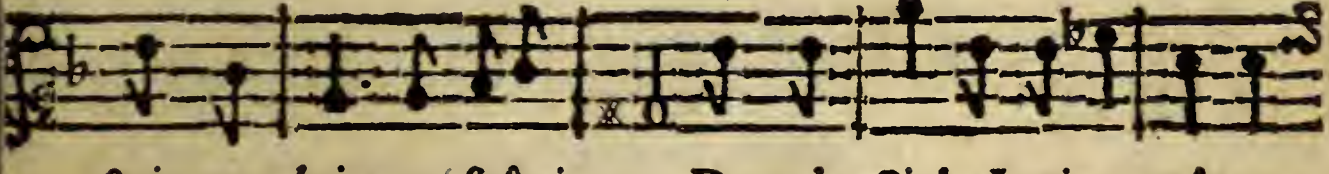
Majeſté ſuprême. Et j'abaiſſe à mon gré la Majeſté ſu-



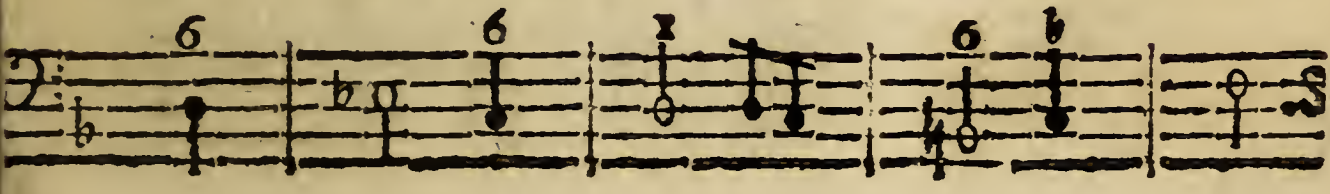


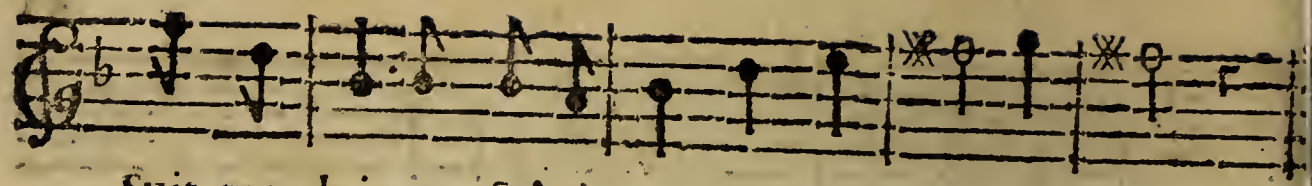
prême. prême. Dans le Ciel, Jupiter même,



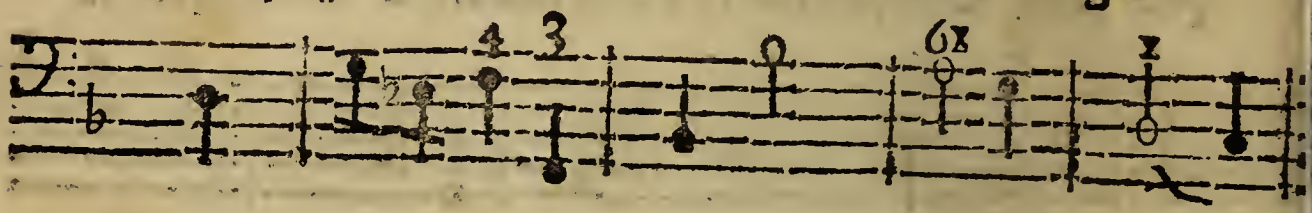


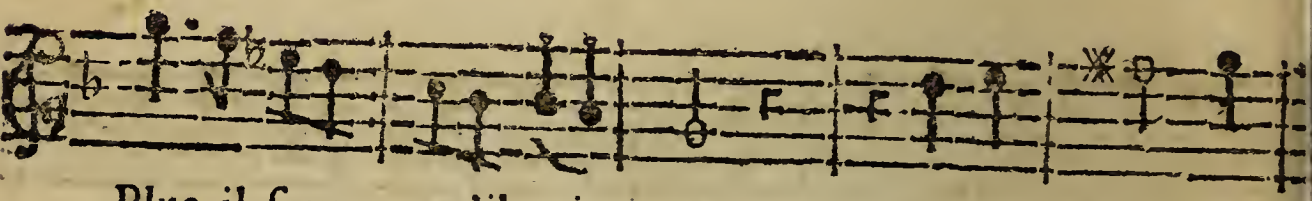
Suit mes loix en ſoûpirant: Dans le Ciel, Jupiter même,



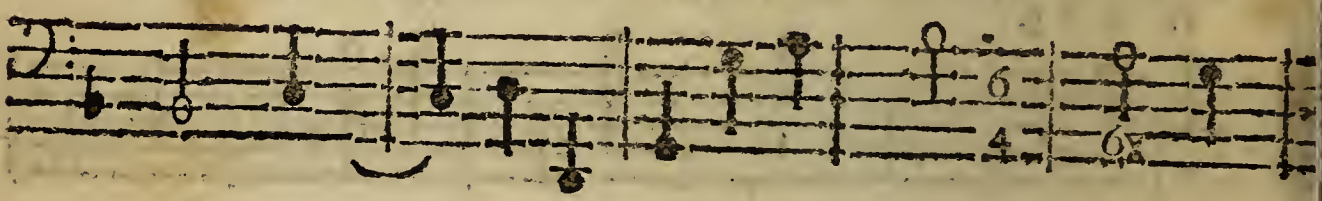


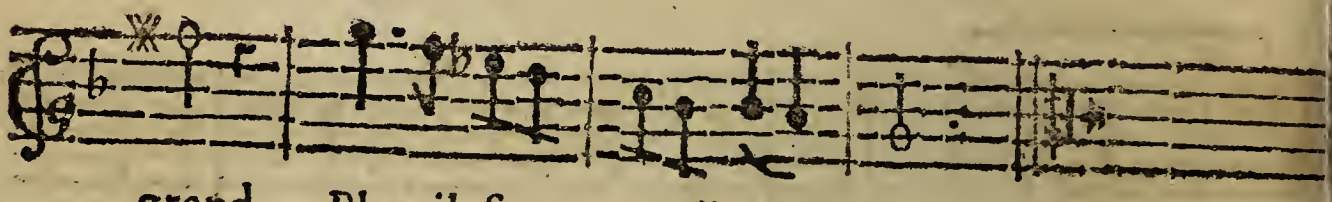
Suit mes loix en ſoûpirant : Plus un Cœur eſt grand



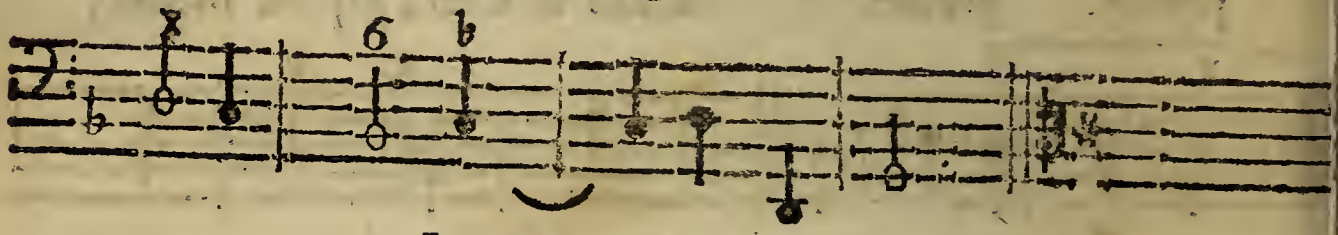


Plus il faut qu'il ai- me. Plus un Cœur eſt

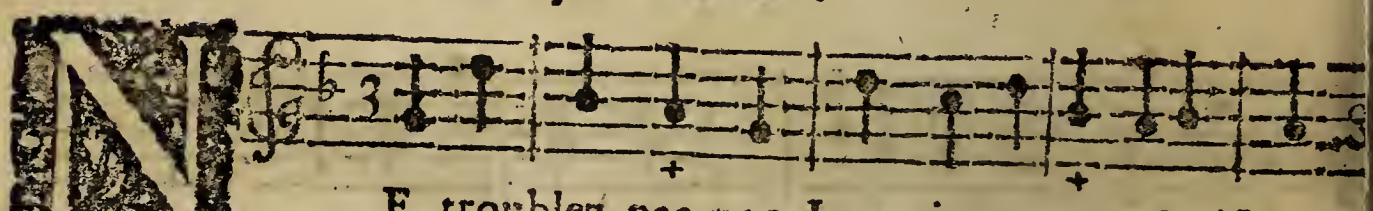




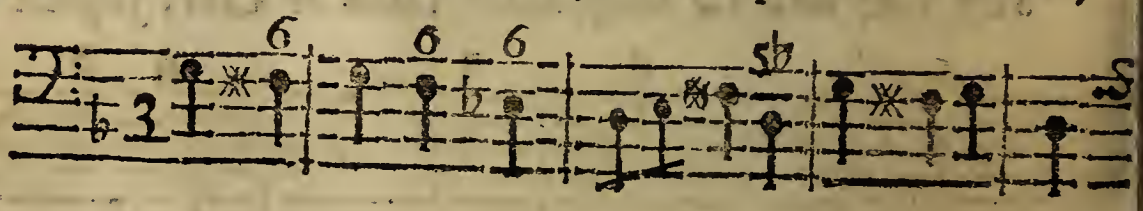
grand Plus il faut qu'il aime.

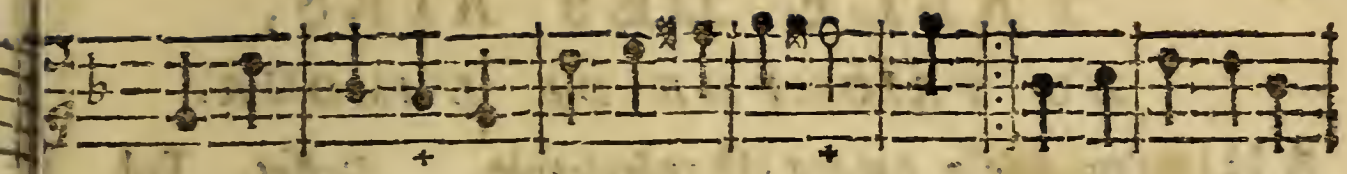


La Jeunesse.

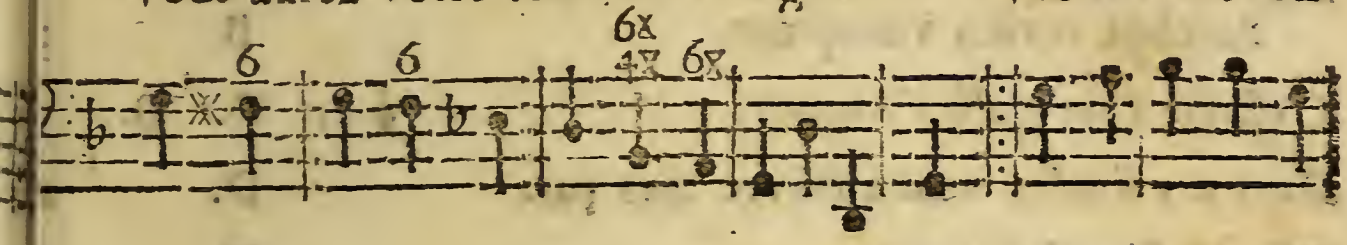


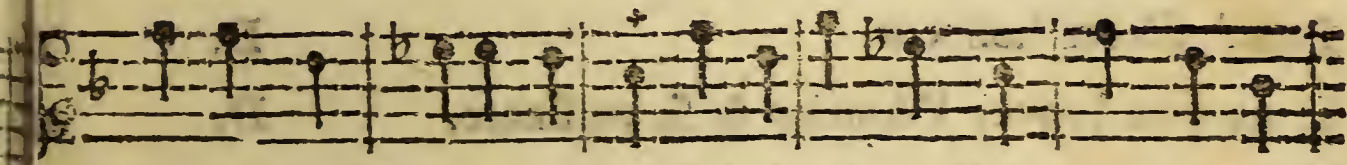
NE troublez pas nos Jeux, importune Raiſon,



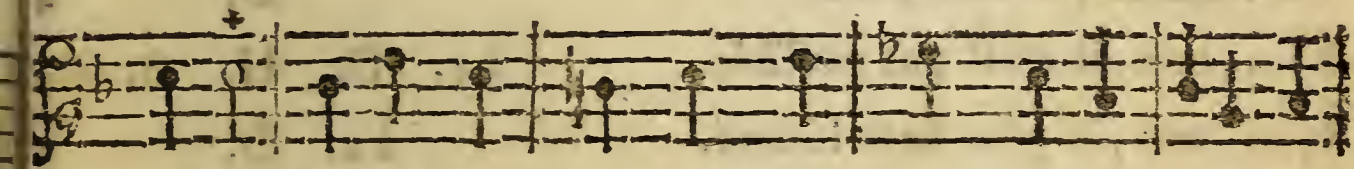


Vous aurez vôtre tour, fiere Sageſſe: Vos ſévéres con-

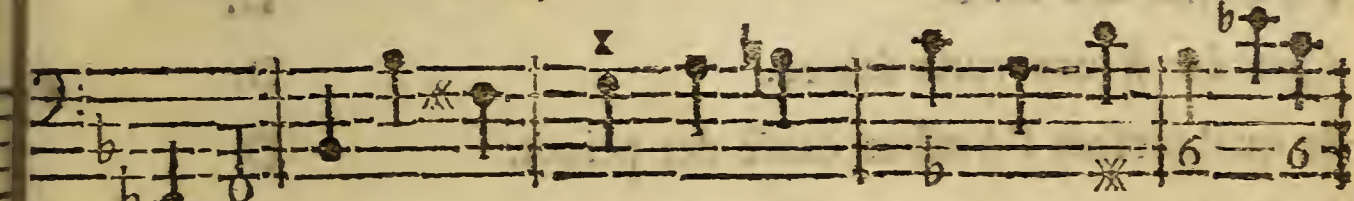


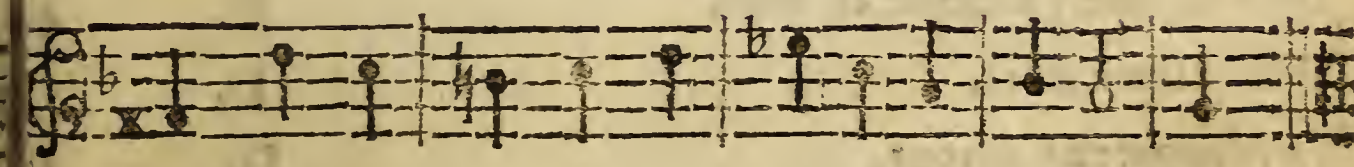


ſeils ne ſont pas de ſaiſon, Reſervez les chagrins pour la



Vieilleſſe: Tous nos jours ſont charmants, tout rit à nos dé-





ſirs; C'eſt le remps des plaiſirs Que la Jeuneſſe.

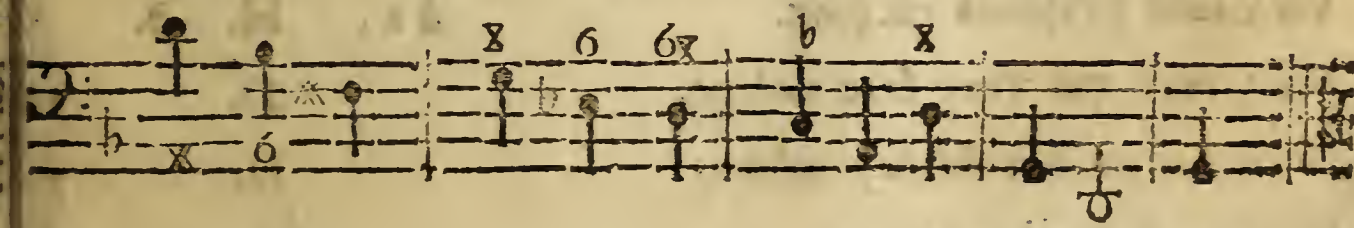


TABLE DES AIRS,
DU TRIOMPHE DE L'AMOUR.

AH? qu'un fidéle Amant eſt redoutable.		*Deſſus.*		Fol.	11
Bacchus revien vainqueur.		B			33
C'eſt en vain qu'à l'Amour.	à 2,	D.	B.		16
Dans ces Forêts venez ſuivre mes pas.		D.			22
D'une affreuſe fureur.		T.			37
Fierté, ſévére honneur.		D.			10
Je ne puis braver l'Amour & ſa puiſſance.		D.			27
Il faut aimer, c'eſt un fatal deſtin.	à 2.	D.	B.		15
Il faut qu'un Amant perſévére.		H.			40
Malgré moi vôtre amour vainqueur.		D.			14
Malgré tous mes éforts.		D.			30
Ne trouble pas nos Jeux.		D.			46
Non, non, il n'eſt pas poſſible.	à 3.	D.	H.	B.	8
Non, non, la plus fiere liberté.	à 2.	D.			35
Nymphes des eaux.		D.			3
Que des fleurs vont éclore.		D.			42
Si quelquefois l'Amour cauſe des peines.		D.			5
Si le changemant vous offence.		H.			41
Tout ce que j'attaque ce rend.		D.			44
Tranquiles cœurs.		D.			2
Va, dangereux amour.		D.			19
Vn Cœur toûjours en paix.	à 2.	H.	B.		7
Vn Cœur qui veut être volage.		D.			18
Vn cœur maître de luy même.		D.			21
Voicy le favorable temps.		D.			24